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Winter Dreams.

Deep lies the snow on wood and fields;
Gray stretches overhead the sky;
The streams, their lips of laughter sealed,
In silence wander slowly by.

Earth slumbers, and her dreams—who knows
But they may sometimes be like ours?
Lyrics of Spring in Winter's prose
That sings of buds and leaves and flowers:

Dreams of that day when from the south
Comes April, as at first she came,
To hold the bare twig to her mouth
And blow it into fragrant flame.

—'The Atlantic.'

Blind David and His Bible.

In the early part of 1879, there came to me in Allahabad, a young Hindu, totally blind, seemingly about eighteen or nineteen years of age. His face was scarred with smallpox, which, when he was very young, had entirely deprived him of sight. He had no recollection of the light. He was needy and helpless; so after ministering to his wants, we preached to him Jesus. He said he had heard of him in his home in Rajputana, and was anxious to know more of him.

He eagerly received the Word and it was evident that the Light had begun to beam on his soul. In a few days he was converted, and his whole face shone with joy unspeakable. We baptized him on June 4th, 1879, and called him, by his own request David.

David became a communicant and rejoiced in the privilege. He had eager avidity for class and prayer meeting. 'We cannot but speak,' was the inspiration of his testimony. Not obtrusive but irrepressible,—he loved to speak of the goodness of his Lord. With bright and earnest face in joyful tones he would speak of the beauty of the King. Not one who heard him but was touched to the heart, and many wept with silent joy while the sightless saint 'told his experience.' It was easy to shout 'praise the Lord!' after hearing him, and somehow the meeting seemed to have gotten wings and soared nearer to the Throne.

'Brother Osborne, where's the meeting to-night?' He was told it was some distance, in the suburbs of the city. Of course he could not get there. But there he was, in advance of all the rest, running over with joy,—happy, expectant and hopeful.

'How did you get here, David?'

'Why, I walked it, of course,' with as merry a laugh as ever broke the sadness of this sorrowful world.

'Of course!' We marvel, but he simply confides in his Father and rejoices in his guidance. You call it instinct—intelligence; he has no such idea. I have seen him traversing plains, crossing ditches, moving across thoroughfares, avoiding trees and holes with remarkable precision, nor once encountering an accident. Sometimes standing still, doubtful of the nearness of a bank or boulder, he smites his side with a short stick, while he gravely listens for a sound his ear alone can catch. 'Oh!' his face brightens and off he goes with rapid strides, steering clear of bank and brake, stalking joyfully along as securely as on stone pavement.

David was an ardent lover of God's Word. He would come for his 'daily portion,' and sit with his face all aglow as the Father's message was unfolded. When he paused at the close of a chapter, a voice would wistfully ask, 'Won't you read some more?' One day, after receiving his portion with more than usual delight, he lingered as though unwilling to depart.

'Brother Osborne——'

'Yes, Brother David.'

'Brother Osborne, I—I wish—I could—read!' was uttered in broken syllables with a wistful tenderness.

'Why, David, my dear brother, how can you read? You are blind, you know.'

'That's true,' he sadly replies, 'but I have heard that there are Scriptures for the blind with raised letters; haven't you?'

'Why, yes, I have heard of them, and seen them, but I haven't got them, and don't know where they are to be had.'

A moment's pause; then, as naturally and as joyfully as the birds sing:

'Won't you pray my Heavenly Father to send me these Scriptures?'

Perplexing—wasn't it? Why should this blind man prefer so strange a request? It was decidedly awkward. Small faith is usually speechless under these circumstances. But there are certain pious platitudes which come to one's help in such an emergency, and so I mumbled something about the necessity of 'submission to God's will,' 'pious contentment,' and

so forth, oblivious that there is neither 'submission' nor 'piety' in unbelief.

David heard the homily through, and utterly unchilled, with a vivacity, which seemed unbecoming, said, 'I am going to pray.' Cheerful as usual, he strode on his way. Some two or three months passed; David came and went for his 'daily portions,' but the conversation above reported was not reverted to. The hope was felt that the blind disciple had been taught the lesson of 'sweet submission.'

One morning destined to be underscored in the calendar of memory—while out on pastoral work—glancing behind, I saw Brother David in evident pursuit. His strides were unusually long and the clatter of his stick sounded ominously. There was an eager joyousness in his face, and—yes—there was a somewhat heavy package under his arm.

'Brother Osborne!' he shouted with a loudness and emphasis which were startling.

'Yes,' I replied, 'what is it?'

'Stop,' he said, 'if you please.'

'Well, David, what is the matter?'

'Oh! nothing; only I wanted to show you something.' Producing the package, which was stitched in cloth, he said, 'Someone pushed that under my arm as I walked, and I wanted you to see what it contained.'

'Oh!' I made sure it was some gift of clothing from one of the many kind friends who ministered to David. And so I carelessly cut the stitches open and unwrapped the package, when lo!—an English copy of the Gospel according to St. John, in characters for the blind!

For once I was glad that David was blind! Speechless again; was it 'sweet submission?' At length I asked—'Who gave this to you?'

'I don't know,' replied David (and let me add, the name of that donor has not transpired to this day): 'but what is it?'

'Why, this—this—is a copy of St. John's Gospel in characters for the blind!'

'Oh! bless the Lord! I knew my Heavenly Father would send it to me! Now, Brother Osborne, won't you pray my Heavenly Father to teach me how to read?'

'Now, Brother David, I certainly will.' It was as the clearing of one's eyes from a smoky mist.

And so David prayed and toiled; and being already able to speak English well, very soon he was able to spell along the precious lines. If he was joyful before, he was fully radiant now. He had the mine all to himself, and he could extract the rich nuggets at pleasure.

'Why, Brother Osborne, I shall be able to preach with you now!'

And so we stood in the streets together, David and I, and the blind reader attracted a great crowd, and if he didn't preach, he 'told his experience.'

But David was not altogether pleased with his performance. The volume was bulky; he had to hold it with one hand, and trace the letters with the fingers of the other. 'I lose my place sometimes, you see. I wish I could have something to hold the Book, so that I could use both my hands.'

In a few days David appeared with something unusual slung around his neck. 'What is this, David?' we asked in consternation.

'This!' replied the blind disciple, looking somewhat surprised at our obtuseness: 'Why, this is a hanging desk for my Gospel. See here, how beautifully it works.' And so, adjusting it around his neck, and spreading his precious Sscriptures upon it, with both hands at liberty, he carefully traced the letters with his fingers, and as the scarred face turned upward with an expression of loving reverence, the words never seemed more sacred as he read with lingering pathos:

'"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." '—'Bombay Guardian.'

The Homeless Christ

He left the Father's bosom and His throne
And took our life of mortal woe instead;
Home, love, dominion were in heaven,
On earth He had not where to lay His head.

He saw the sun whose torch of light and heat
His breath had kindled, in the west grow dim,
A thousand lamps flashed out for homeward feet,
Not one was trimmed, or candle set for Him.

And while unseen, the keys of death and hell
And life and glory at His girdle hung,
No lowly latch as master knew him well,
No door for His tired footsteps inward swung.

A borrowed boat for journeying to and fro,
A pillow open to the midnight wave,
The poor accustomed haunts wayfarers knew,
And then a lodging in a stranger's grave.

He had no privacy from human sight
Where tryst with the Eternal One might keep;
No safe retirement, save some far-off height,
When friend and foe below were hushed in sleep.

Out on the mountains, where no roof might part
His gaze from starry highway lately trod,
The passionate, homeward longings of his heart
Alone He uttered to His Father, God.

His hour at hand, He spake with yearning love
To His disciples of the mansion there;
Had they left all for Him? In heaven above
He would, Himself, for such a home prepare.

That never soul redeemed should vagrant go
Unhoused through the hereafter, rest denied,
That all who would the Father's house might know
A stranger, pilgrim, Jesus lived and died.

Without the walls that spurned His love as dross
'Mid faithless scorn and alien pity hurl'd,
He suffered, outcast, that His sheltering cross
Might be the rooftree of a homeless world.

—'Waif.'

Family Prayer.

A man of my congregation, about forty years of age, after quite a protracted season of anxiety, became, as he hoped, a child of God. There was nothing in his convictions or in his hopeful conversion, so far as I could discern, of any very peculiar character, unless it was the distinctness of his religious views and feelings.

But this man did not propose to unite with the Church, as I had supposed he would deem it his duty to do. One season of communion after another passed by, and he still remained away from the Table of the Lord. I was surprised at this, and the more so on account of the steady interest in religion and the fixed faith in Christ which he appeared to possess. I conversed plainly with him upon the duty of a public profession of his faith. He felt it to be his duty, but he shrank from it. He had a clear hope, was constant at church, was prayerful, but he hesitated to confess Christ before men. All the ground of hesitation which I could discover as I conversed with him was a fear that he might dishonor religion, if he professed it, and a desire to have a more assured hope. What I said to him on these points appeared to satisfy him, and yet he stayed away from the Lord's Table, though he said, 'I should feel it a great privilege to be there.'

In aiming to discover, if possible, why a man of such clear religious views, of such apparent faith, and so much fixed hope in religion, should hesitate on a point of duty which he himself deemed obligatory upon him, learned, to my surprise, that he had never commenced the duty of family prayer. He felt an inexpressible reluctance to it—a reluctance for which he could not account. He wondered at himself, but still he felt it. He blamed himself, but still he felt it. This cleared up the mystery. I no longer wondered at all at his hesitation on the matter of an open profession of religion. I had not a doubt but his fears of dishonoring religion, and his waiting for greater assurance of hope, all arose from the neglect of family prayer. I told him so, and urged that duty upon him, as one that should precede the other. His wife urged it; but yet he omitted it. Finally, I went to his house, and commenced that service with him. He continued it from that time, and from that time his difficulties all vanished. Before he united with the Church, he said to me, 'It was a great trial to me to commence praying with my family, but now it is my delight. I would not omit on any account. Since I have commenced it I find it a joyful duty. It comforts and strengthens me.' He had now no hesitation in coming out before the world and openly professing his faith in Christ.

Neglect of one duty often renders us unfit for another. God 'is a Rewarder,' and one great principle on which he dispenses his rewards is this—through our faithfulness in one thing he bestows grace upon us to be faithful in another. 'To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance.'—From 'A Pastor's Sketches,' in 'Light in the Home.'

On the Upper Congo River.

My journey out has been in every way a happy and enjoyable one. We reached here in just fifty days from Southampton. It was a matter of great delight to me to find the 'Goodwill' at Stanley Pool when I arrived there. By the combined and arduous efforts of Mr. Howell and Mr. Williams a satisfactory repair had been made to the broken engines; and although we have had two minor accidents on the run up river, they have not proved of a serious nature, and our travelling has been but little delayed thereby.

It was a truly great sight that met our gaze as we steamed near to the beach. The crowd that I found there waiting to shake hands with me. When I could get ashore I was nearly pulled to pieces in the eagerness of old boys and girls and townspeople to shake hands with me. At length, when I got to the top of the steps, and found a whole lot of women with their babies, I clapped my hands in front of them and nodded a greeting which they returned in the same fashion with much heartiness and laughter.

My first day spent here was a Sunday, and I think we all appreciated to the full the blessing that the day is to us, and the blessing that it is becoming to many of the people. You know that we have now a chapel, and a beautiful building it is too. When I left here the foundations were the only visible promise of the building that we longed to see completed. Now we are worshipping in it.

On Sunday morning, as the boys and girls gathered for their service, to the number of nearly 150, my thoughts reverted to the Sunday-school that we first had three and a half years ago in the sitting-room of my old house. We could not accommodate many, and from twelve to eighteen used to come. Our hearts went out in praise and thanksgiving for the great change, and we prayed fervently that these might prove the first-fruits, and soon give themselves, soul and body, to the Saviour whom we adore.—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sometimes

We are going to do a kindly deed,
  Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Our sympathy give in a time of need,
  Sometime, perhaps, but when?
We will do so much in the coming years;
We will banish the heartaches and doubts and
    fears,
And we'll comfort the lonely and dry their tears,
  Sometime, perhaps, but when?

We will give a smile to a saddened heart,
  Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Of the heavy burdens we'll share a part,
  Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime we're going to right the wrong,
Sometimes the weak we will make strong;
Sometime ye'll come with Love's old sweet
    song;
  Sometime, perhaps, but when?

—E. A. Brininstool.

Tom, the Tempder

'Oh, Daddy, please!'

'I am afraid I couldn't, Dick. You must remember that you are only a little man, and that Broncho is very frisky.'

'I know, Dad, but Tom got a pony for Christmas, too, and he can ride anywhere that he chooses.'

'You forget that Tom is twelve, while you are not yet ten. I am willing that you should ride when William can go with you, but you must not go alone.'

So young Dick Wilmer tried to be contented, although there was a sore spot down deep in his heart. All of his chums rode, and not one of them had to have a horrid man trotting along behind. It wasn't right that he should be treated like a baby, when he was fully as tall as Tom and the other fellows. No one could guess that he was nearly three years younger. He went sorrowfully to Broncho's stall, and put his own curly head against the soft dark mane of the young thoroughbred.

For several weeks after his father's mandate had gone forth Dick turned a deaf ear to all of Tom's entreaties, and endeavored to forget the neat little footman while dashing through the long, winding country roads. But a day came when all of Dick's good resolutions were thrown to the winds.

It was Saturday. Mr. Brown, his tutor, had just left the house, and the lesson books were put away until Monday. So, with a free heart, Dick bounded downstairs, buckled on his high riding boots, slipped into his coat and set his scarlet cap well back on his curly head. Mr. Wilmer had gone to the city on business, and Mrs. Wilmer was out calling. Dick knew by experience that it would probably be dark before she would return, and it was too lonesome in the house. Even Mr. Brown, who had been expected to stay, was telegraphed for, as his wife was taken suddenly ill.

So when left alone Dick ran down to William's room, over the stable. His hand was on the knob, and he opened his mouth to call the groom. Just then Tom's mocking voice cried:

'Go on, baby; call your nurse!'

Dick wheeled around, his deep blue eyes all ablaze with indignation.

'I am not a baby, and you know it, Tom Stimer!'

'Then why do you always have him,' pointing a disdainful finger toward the closed door, 'tagging after you? When you are a man you'll have a keeper, I suppose!'

'I won't have you talking that way to me. I'm not a baby, and you know I don't want William—and I only have him because Dad s-'' I must!' cried Dick sturdily.

'Don't you ever expect to have a mind of your own? I dare you to go to-day without him.' taunted Tom.

'Dad said I mustn't.'

'William isn't there; he went out just as I came in, so he can't go, and you know Henry is driving your mother's horses.'

'What shall I do,' then?' Dick stood for a moment debating. It was a glorious day, cool and clear, except for a heavy bank of clouds slowly rising in the north. It was too lovely to stay stuffed up in the house all the afternoon.

'It won't hurt you. I'll take care of you, and we'll only go on the nearby roads. Come on, Dick,' tempted the visitor.

'I ought not to,' said Dick, slowly. It was so hard to refuse, for he wanted so much to go.'

'Do as you like,' said Tom, 'I am going.' And he carelessly threw himself on the waiting pony.

Just at that moment a low, sorrowful whinny came from Broncho's stall. That decided Dick; he would not be gone long, and he would be very careful—oh, very careful.

At first his conscience pricked him a little, but once out in the soft warm sunshine, and galloping swiftly down the long roads, he forgot his scruples and never before had he enjoyed a ride so much. It was strange that neither of them noticed when the sun sank behind the clouds until they found themselves almost completely in the dark and a storm rising.

'Come, Tom, let's hurry home,' called Dick, frightened at the thought of the hour.

'It's jolly now—I am not going yet,' laughed Tom.

'I tell you it's going to be a bad storm. I am going home now, Tom, and you can come when you please.' Dick wheeled his horse around as he spoke, and galloped in the opposite direction.

'Hi, I say, Dick, come back!' called the older boy, but he was already out of hearing. Tom shrugged his shoulders and rode merrily on. It was dark when Mr. Wilmer reached home and found his wife in tears, and nearly wild from anxiety. Between her sobs Mrs. Wilmer told him that Broncho had just come home with the saddle turned.

Mr. Wilmer did not hesitate an instant. There was only one boy with whom Dick could have gone, and very soon the anxious father was catechizing Tom Stimer.

'Dick hasn't got home yet?' Tom asked, a terrified look coming over his face.

'No. Did you make him go?'

Tom looked down. There was no use in denying it. Suppose Dick was lying hurt in the woods.

'Yes, sir; I asked him to go, but I didn't think it would hurt,' said Tom slowly.

'Come with me, sir, and show me where he left you,' commanded Mr. Wilmer, sternly.

It was not an easy task, for the blinding snow made them almost lose their way in the most familiar roads. Hours were spent in the search, and Mr. Wilmer, Mr. Stimer, their servants and the neighbors looked about until they were discouraged.

Suddenly a joyful yelp from Dick's dog, a great mastiff, brought the little band together, and the dim lantern light shed a faint red glow upon a small figure, lying half buried in the brush, while beside him, with head drooped, stood the mastiff.

Tenderly the father lifted his unconscious boy and carried him home. No one suffered as much as Tom during the doctor's consultation, huddled up in a little heap outside Dick's door. Hours were by, and still no sound from the room. At length the door softly opened, and the kind old family physician came out.

'Why, Tom, what are you doing here?'

'Is he—is he—dead?' sobbed Tom.

'No, my boy; he is very much alive, and in a few weeks he will be as well as you are. Was it you who took him?'

'Yes, doctor,' said Tom manfully, 'I despise myself for it; but he didn't want to go, and I taunted him into it. I am much older than he is, too. Don't you think he will always hate me?'

'I think, on the contrary, that you and Dick will be better friends than ever. You have learned that the way of the transgressor is not an enviable one,' remarked the old doctor, sagely.

And the doctor's prediction came true, for in their boyhood, university and manhood days Dick Wilmer and Tom were inseparable.—'Canadian Farm and Home.'

Trained Animals.

(George Bancroft Griffith, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

An autopsy held on the body of the famous chimpanzee 'Sally,' who died at the Zoological Gardens, New York, showed that her brain was about the size of the late 'Mr. Crowley's,' of Central Park. Notwithstanding the fact that Sally was held to be the most intelligent animal outside of the human race, it is asserted by those who saw her brain that it did not differ from that of others, and her apparent intelligent was probably due to the fact that she had more training than any other chimpanzee because she had succeeded in living twice as long in captivity.

There was recently in Paris a Russian, by name Dourof, who is supposed to know more about the nature of rats than any other man living. He has made a business of training them to do queer things, and at the same time has carefully studied their habits and ways.

A reporter who visited him and his two hundred and thirty free and ordinarily uncaged rats found him in the act of exhibiting his 'rat railroad.' It consisted of a narrow track laid in a circle, upon which were three passenger cars large enough to hold five or six rats a piece, a baggage-car, and a pretty little locomotive.

Close to the track was a small painted wooden house, which served as a station. There were switches, and other railway paraphernalia.

Presently a cage was brought in, which contained a considerable number of rats. Dourof clapped his hands together three times, and all the rats came tumbling out of the cage and swarming into and about the little station.

He clapped his hands again, and half a dozen black and sleek rats—very respectable corpulant fellows—climbed into a first car, which was a first-class coach.

Once more Dourof clapped, and half a dozen black and white rats, quite regularly marked, got into the second-class car, while an indiscriminately marked and rather disreputable-looking company scrambled into the last car, which was third-class.

A black rat, who did duty as the station master, promenaded up and down on the plat-

form of the little house, while two or three small white rats dragged some little trunks into the baggage car. These were the 'baggage smashers.'

A whistle was heard; the engineer-rat climbed upon the locomotive, and a switchman rushed to the switch. Again the whistle sounded, and the train moved off around the track.

The training of the rats to the performance of this feat was, M. Dourof declared, extremely easy except in the case of the baggageman, whose education had cost him a great deal of trouble. Each party of 'passengers' had been placed—one party at a time—at their breakfasting hour opposite the car to which they belonged, in which some pieces of soaked bread had already been placed. At his signal they had been liberated, and had quickly found the bread.

Little by little they had been trained in this way to enter the proper car. The locomotive was operated with clock-work, and the rats had nothing to do with it.

It is certain that dogs can interchange ideas as men talk with one another. It matters little whether they do it by sign or by sound, but they do it easily and effectually. Many a noble animal of the canine family is self-educated, also. Mrs. Burton gives some curious facts about dog-life in Syria and other Eastern cities. Dogs exist there by hundreds and thousands, without owners or care, and are a kind of community by themselves. Each one belongs to a particular quarter of the city, and is not allowed to live elsewhere. She treated them kindly, and fed them, while the inhabitants beat them and stoned them, and in gratitude they undertook to escort her, and defend her from harm. When she went out to walk, a dog always met her, as if appointed to do so, and accompanied her to the border of his boundary, and passed her over to one belonging to that quarter, who did the same thing in his turn. Each dog wagged his tail, as if bidding good-by when his work was done. Had these animals had special training in the performance of this self-appointed task, they could not have done it more effectively.

A clergyman of our acquaintance taught a pet cat to box, and even in advanced age, this animal, when its owner pretended to hit him, would at once sit back on its haunches and strike out with its paw, blow for blow, in a scientific style.

Charles Dickens had a special fondness for cats. One of his favorites, known for her devotion to Dickens as 'the master's cat,' used to follow him about like a dog, and sit beside him while he wrote. One night Dickens was reading at a small table by the light of a candle, with pussy, as usual, at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens being interested in his book, relighted the candle, going on reading. In a short time the light again became dim, and, turning suddenly, Dickens found puss deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and looking at him appealingly as he did so. Not until then did her master guess what was wrong. The little creature felt neglected and wanted to be petted, and extinguishing the candle was the best device she could think of for bringing it about.

Canaries, and other birds, show a great aptitude for tricks, sometimes learning to do many amusing and difficult things, and also to sing tunes very well. Even fishes have been found to be amenable to patient training, and many examples might be given of the knowledge imparted to the seal and other marine animals.

Wonderful stories are told about the intelligence of the horse and the elephant. Monkeys have been learned a great many useful lessons. We once read of one who would put wood into the stove when it was needed, taking care to manage it properly, and not put in too much. He often sat down at a table, and spread a book before him, pretending to study with great gravity.

All our domestic animals of the present day, as naturalists truthfully observe, manifest a shrewdness, and also a sense of humor, which was not displayed by those of former generations.

Why Some People are Poor.

Their ideas are larger than their purses.

They think 'the world owes them a living.'

They do not keep account of their expenditures.

They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.

They reverse the maxim, 'Duty before pleasure.'

They have too many and too expensive amusements.

They do not think it worth while to save nickels and dimes.

They have risked an assured competence in trying to get rich quickly.

They allow friends to impose upon their good nature and generosity.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

The parents are economical, but the children have extravagant ideas.

They do not do to-day what they can possibly put off until to-morrow.

They do not think it worth while to put contracts or agreements in writing.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They do not dream that little mortgages on their homes can ever turn them out of doors.

They have indorsed their friend's notes or guaranteed payment just 'for accommodation.'

They risk all their eggs in one basket when they are not in a position to watch or control it.—Orison Swett Marden.

Rainmakers, Ancient and Modern.

(The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.)

Long before there was any intelligent theory of rain, men tried to cause it or drive it away, according to their needs. The rain god of the savage was frightened with tom-toms and hallooing, or wheedled into 'giving down' by sacrificial offerings, some of them probably human beings. Indeed, the folk lore of most primitive peoples shows that noise was thought to produce rain. The Greeks and Romans had rain gods and numerous charms and rites for controlling the weather. Pausanias describes such a rite, which was performed, as occasion demanded, on Mount Lycaeus, in Arcadia. A hollow stone ('manulis lapis') was kept outside the Porta Capena, near the Temple of Mars, and in time of drought was drawn into Rome. Some villages in the central portion of India still have officials called Gapogari, whose sole duty is rainmaking. When it does not rain often enough, and remonstrances are of no avail the Capogarus is regularly and publicly flogged until the gods relent.

Study of Rainfall.

Until practically the beginning of the nineteenth century, the questions of rainfall and rainmaking received little serious study. 'The whole subject was in the hands of the gods, and magic rites and prayers were the only effective agencies.' James Hutton, M.D., of Edinburgh, in 1784, made what was apparently the first statement of the present theory of rainfall.

'There is,' he says, 'an atmospherical appearance which is not explained by the known laws of heat and cold. It is the breath of animals becoming visible in being expired into an atmosphere which is cold or moist; and the transformation of transparent steam into the state of mist when mixed with air which is of a colder temperature.'

Dust and Rain.

It is now generally believed that rain is caused by the mingling of currents of air differing in temperature and humidity. The capacity of the warmer current to hold moisture is lessened by its cooling to a point when clouds (which are simply aerial fogs) are formed; and finally to such an extent that the cloud is deposited on the earth as rain. An essential condition, however, seems to be the presence of dust particles in the atmosphere, which furnish nuclei around which the drops form. The air at the surface of the earth is at all times loaded with minute particles of dust. Mr. Aitken, a Scotch meteorologist, counted 130,000 dust particles per cubic centimeter of air collected on a fine day, and 32,000 in air examined immediately after a heavy rain.

The important part which dust plays in the formation of rain can be readily demonstrated experimentally. If a glass vessel is filled with warm, moist air, and then cooled sufficiently, first a fog forms in the vessel, and as the temperature is further lowered a miniature rainstorm occurs. If, however, the air is carefully freed from dust before being placed in the receiver cooling simply causes its contained moisture to condense and run down the sides of the receiver.

Water in the Air.

According to Prof. Newcomb, the air of 'a room of ordinary size' contains a quart of water, and about the same average proportion exists in the general atmosphere; so that the air is really a great sponge 'which sops up the water from the earth and the sea by evaporation, and redistributes it in the form of rain upon proper squeezing.' It was calculated by 'Farmer' Dunn that if all the water in the air could be condensed at once it would cover the earth with a layer four inches deep. One inch of rainfall over a square mile exceeds 1,000,000 cubic feet of water.

Influences of the Sun and Moon.

Sir William Herschel's announcement that there was a close relation between sun spots and the price of wheat was received with derision in 1801, and it is but just now being justified. There undoubtedly is such a relation, as a careful study of solar and terrestrial records shows, and rainfall coincides in quantity with variations in the number of spots on the sun. The moon is popularly supposed to have an effect on the weather, and by its appearance to indicate the wet or dry character of the month. As yet science has not confirmed this theory.

The First Rainmaker.

In 1834 James P. Espy of Pennsylvania, as a corollary to his theory of storms, announced a method of artificial rainmaking, which consisted in the building of enormous fires throughout drought-stricken regions. These would cause great upward currents of hot air, and produce an atmospheric condition similar to that now called a storm centre; that is, an area of low barometric pressure.

It is said that the Australian government in

1884 proposed to test Espy's theory, but upon consulting the government astronomer the latter pointed out that even if the theory were correct it would require the burning of 9,000,000 tons of coal daily to obtain a two-thirds increase in the rainfall of Sydney, and the scheme was abandoned as too expensive.

Cannons and Rain.

Napoleon is credited with first noticing and making use of the 'fact' that battles are usually followed by heavy rains. During the Franco-Prussian war and the Mexican and civil wars in the United States, it is stated that every great battle was followed by heavy rainstorms. In 1870 Edward Powers published a book entiled 'War and the Weather,' in which 198 battles of the civil war are described, every one of which was immediately followed by heavy showers.

In 1874 an unsuccessful effort was made to interest the United States congress in the cannonading theory. F. Hatermann, in New Zealand in 1876, proposed that balloons loaded with explosives be sent up into the higher air strata and exploded; and in 1880 General D. Ruggles of Fredericksburg, Va., patented a similar scheme in this country. 'It is contemplated,' he said, in his memorial to congress, 'not only to precipitate raintall, but also to check its fall in overabundance, and also to purify and remove the atmosphere over cities during periods of pestilence and epidemics.'

About ten years later, the United States congress appropriated $9,000 to test the cannonading theory. The test was made on a ranch in Texas, and although the first newspaper and magazine accounts stated that it was entirely successful, and that 'at last the farmer could produce rain at will,' later authoritative reports of them by officials of the Department of Agriculture, who witnessed the experiments, flatly contradicted this view, and deprecated the spending of any further money by congress on the work. It was especially pointed out that the standing given 'professional rainmakers' by the government's action materially aided them in victimizing the western farmers, and the immediate result of the Texas experiments was a large new crop of 'rain-making' syndicates.

Cannonading Hail Storms.

It is worth noting, apropos this method of rainmaking, that the same devices, cannonading and exploding dynamite in the air, are now used for just the opposite purpose in Austria, for preventing hailstorms, which often seriously injure the vineyards. Its advocates are certain that it is effective, and can cite as numerous instances of its success as a storm dispeller as the American rainmakers do of its rain-compelling powers.

The present status, then, of the question of artificial rain-making seems to be that there has been no method yet proposed which is practical for agricultural use. The only one which has any scientific basis is that of building enormous fires throughout the drought-striken country. Rainfall after a long drought, immediately following extensive forest fires, is a curious coincidence, if nothing more, which seems to support this theory. The method is, however, so expensive as to be of little practical value.

The conditions which govern the formation of storm centres in the atmosphere are probably so complex and various that our present knowledge of meteorological laws is of the most superficial and elementary character. Until this knowledge is vastly increased, especially regarding conditions in the upper air and their relation to the lower strata of the atmosphere, it does not seem probable that the rainmakers will achieve any practical success.—V. J. Y.

Self-Sacrifice.

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford is a most affecting record of heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of a child—a record which touches one's heart with its pathos.

The tower door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgeworth, which at the time was undergoing repairs, was left open, and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount a lofty scaffolding and scramble from beam to beam.

All at once the joist on which they were standing gave way. The elder had just time to grasp a beam when falling, while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs. In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying for help vainly, for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

'Could you save yourself if I were to let go of you?' replied the little lad.

'I think I could,' returned the older.

'Then, good-bye, and Heaven bless you!' cried the little fellow, loosing his hold.

Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below. His companion succeeded in clambering to a place of safety.—Australian 'Christian World.'

Seth Allen's Bible.

(The Rev. William Porter Townsend, in the New York 'Observer.')

Missionary Day was a great day with the Sabbath-school in the village of G—. It was a yearly feast looked forward to with great expectancy on the part of all interested in the progress of the school, and in the cause of missions. Its success was planned for far in advance of the day itself. All through the year the purpose and the value of giving were impressed upon the scholars, and the members of the various classes made many sacrifices in favor of the treasury. Each class vied with the other, hoping to excel in the contributions made on anniversary day. And to make matters more interesting, and, incidentally, more profitable, a yearly reward to the successful competitor was offered by the pastor of the church.

The coming day was to exceed all others that had preceded it in many ways. The usual programme of recitations and songs was always an important feature of the work, and was being prepared. But it was not to be the feature of the approaching anniversary. Word had been sent by the Parent Board that one of its foreign missionaries was on furlough, and that he would arrive at the village in due time, to address the meeting in the interests of the work. And whom should he be but one in whom the school long had interested itself, financially, and in other ways. The good pastor, too, was again on hand with his 'prize,' a superb copy of the Word of God.

The school was alive with interest, and it was not long before the homes and the community itself were under the 'spell.' The boys and girls were here and there soliciting their contributions, each one joyful in the work, but careful not to make known to another the results of his labors, fearful of being outdone in the race and losing the coveted reward.

Seth Allen was one of the participants. There was no parade nor sign of special effort on his part, yet one were a poor observer, who could not read on his face and in his every action the purpose to win. On the Sabbath when the offer was announced, he had confided to his pastor, 'I am going to win your Bible.' And there was something in the lad's words that caused the pastor to believe that the 'prize' was already his and to respond, 'God bless you. I wish you success.'

Seth Allen was an orphan lad of some twelve years of age. His father and mother had died when as yet only five summers had but passed over him. They died poor, leaving the boy nothing but a good name and an inherited resoluteness of purpose. A distant relative had adopted him, not for any love that she had for his parents, nor for the child himself, but, as she herself had said, 'Perhaps as the brat grows older he will be of some service to me.' Seth had a good heart. He could not always understand the ways of the one who had adopted him; and yet he was not ungrateful for what little kindnesses he received; and was ever ready to lighten the burdens of her whom he now called 'mother.' His present home did not savor much of the religious, and what little instruction he received along this line, was afforded him at the sessions of the Sunday-school. His foster mother had no particular love for this institution: but she was keen to observe that Seth was more profitable by his obedience, and in many other ways, since he united with it, and, consequently, she offered no objections. There could be no genuine sympathy between the lad and her in matters of religion. From earliest infancy, infidel influences had been thrown about her, and she had been taught to disbelieve in everything that was of a religious nature.

Seth knew her well. He longed to confide in her his purpose to try for the offered reward; but to do so would only give her occasion to rail against Christianity and the Bible, and, perhaps, to command him to have no part in the matter. Seth himself was seriously thinking of better things. He could not help but make comparisons between his home surroundings and influences and the atmosphere and advantages afforded him by the associations formed in Sunday-school work. He felt that back of these things there were a power he did not possess and a life he did not know. He had been studying God's truth as he had been helped of others; but he longed above all things else to possess a copy of the Word that should be all his own.

The days sped on. Missionary Day was very close at hand. The scholars began to look mysterious, to wonder, to question. Each one hoped to be the successful one, and yet, be it said to their praise, the defeated ones in the past had borne their defeat in the spirit of the Master, laboring, as they had, the more for the cause than for personal glory or enrichment. Had they known now that Seth Allen was to be the victor, they would have grasped his hand and wished him well, for there was something about the lad that was gradually drawing them to him in loving fellowship.

The day came and went. Considered from all sides, it was a grand success. All were pleased with the parts they had been privileged to perform, and the more so as their eyes were opened anew to the needs and the triumphs of the work by the returned missionary. Not one in that large assembly regretted in the least the personal effort expended or the contributions made. Time must yet reveal how many hearts were weighted by the needs of the heathen and how many souls pledged life and talents for their deliverance.

Seth Allen was the hero of the day. Personal effort and resolute purpose had their fitting reward. The Bible was his. Pride and humility struggled for the ascendancy as

he received the book from the hands of the pastor with the merited 'Well done' and amid the cheers of the entire school. He could not speak. His tears uttered their voice in his behalf. A strange feeling laid hold upon him as he raised the 'prize' to his lips; he felt that somehow he was responsible for the heralding of those truths; and his kiss was the guarantee of his purpose to prove faithful in the work.

There was general rejoicing at his success, and it would prove strange if his foster mother were not in some way made acquainted with the same. It was not the nature of the reward that pleased her; and yet in her own heart, there was a sense of satisfaction that Seth had won, although she carefully covered it from the lad. She was somewhat curious to examine the book, which as yet Seth had carefully guarded from her. The lad had already drank deeply of its waters, and it was with a prayer and a tear that he asked God to help him lead his 'mother' to the fountain.

The same spirit that is said to have led Zacchaeus to climb the sycamore tree, caused the woman to find her way to the room of her adopted child and, during his absence, to investigate the new treasure. To her it was a book, a new book, a costly book. It became more as she handled it. It was Seth's book. Here and there were verses underlined. And, could she believe it, here and there were tear marks on its pages! What could it all mean? To Seth, at least, it must be a book of superior worth. She read one or two marked passages carefully and withdrew. But the die was cast! The words of Jesus are spirit and life. An impression was made and conviction had come. God had begun his answer to Seth Allen's prayers. Again and again during the lad's absence, she made her way to his room. She could not understand why, but that room was dearer to her now than any other room in the home. God had drawn near, and the place was holy ground. The book now had its fascinations beyond all other books—God was speaking to her through its truths.

Seth had noticed a change in his home, and in his 'mother.' Her attitude toward him was so entirely different. There were now the word of encouragement and the apparent purpose to make everything pleasant. He had always tried to respect her; now he felt that he could only love her. And Seth had noticed more: the health of his foster mother had begun to decline. And yet failing health could not be the cause of her better life. It was strange that Seth Allen could not read in it the secret that had transformed his own! As the days passed, the 'mother' could no longer attend to the duties of the home; and the 'son' proved himself the faithful and efficient helper. Each began to discover himself to the other as the barriers were gradually removed. The fears of the lad and the pride of the woman were banished. They stood on equal ground. The secret of the 'mother's' transformed condition was made known to Seth, the entrance of God's Word had given light.

The end was near. Death was at the portal. His superior power must for the present prevail. And yet he could not conquer, God's rod and staff were her comfort still. 'The book, the book!' she cried. But one book at such a time could strengthen and sustain. The much prized treasure was brought and opened. And as from the pages of his Bible Seth Allen read the promises of God, the awakened soul stepped into the valley of shadows, fearing no evil, knowing that 'having loved his own, he loved them unto the end.'

The Song of the Sunshine Club.

(Katharine Lee Bates, in 'Congregationalist.')

'What shall I make this morning?'
The Sunshine Angel said.
'Canary birds and merry words
And a yellow crocus bed.'

CHORUS.

The Sunshine Angel, dear to God,
Goes singing on his way,
Across the hills of goldenrod
To make a happy day.

The wings of the Sunshine Angel
They brushed the willow trees
And goldfinch flocks and weathercocks
And grumble-bumblebees.

'What shall I make this morning?'
The Sunshine Angel said.
'A marigold swamp, a butterfly romp,
And the curls on a baby's head.'

The smile of the Sunshine Angel
Went into a barberry shrub,
A meadowlark's throat with its golden note.
And the hearts of the Sunshine Club.

Up in a Balloon.

The dangers of ballooning, writes Santos Dumont in 'My Air-Ships,' are confined usually to the landing. But the sea of air presents many kinds of dangers and sometimes the balloonist encounters more than one on the same voyage. In Nice, in 1900, he went up from the Place Massena in a good-sized balloon, alone, intending to drift a few hours amid the enchanting scenery of the mountains and the sea. His experiences were enough to make most people content with solid earth:

'The weather was fine, but the barometer soon fell, which indicated a storm. For a time the wind took me in the direction of Cimiez; but as it threatened to carry me out to sea, I threw out ballast, abandoned the current and mounted to the height of about a mile. Soon I noticed that I had ceased descending. As I had determined to land soon, I pulled on the valve-rope and let out more gas, and here the terrible experiences began.

'I could not go down! I glanced at the barometer and found that I was going up. Yet I ought to be descending and I felt by the wind and everything that I must be descending. I discovered only too soon what was wrong. In spite of my continuous apparent descent, I was nevertheless being lifted by an enormous column of air rushing upward.

'The barometer showed that I had reached a still greater altitude, and I could now take account of the fact by the way in which the land was disappearing under me. The upward-rushing column of air continued to take me to a height of almost two miles. After what seemed a long time the barometer showed that I had begun to descend.

'When I began to see land, I threw out ballast, not to strike the earth too quickly. Now I could perceive the storm beating the trees and shrubbery. Up in the storm itself I had felt nothing.

'Now, too, as I continued falling lower, I could see how swiftly I was being carried laterally. By the time I perceived the coming danger, I was in it. Carried along at a terrific date, knocking against the tops of trees and continually threatened with a painful death, I threw out my anchor. It caught in trees and shrubs and broke away. I was dragged through the trees and shrubbery, my face a mass of cuts and bruises, my clothes torn from my back, fearing the worst and able to do nothing to save myself.

'Just as I had given myself up for lost, the guide-rope wound itself round a tree and held. I was precipitated from the basket and fell unconscious. When I came to I had to walk several miles until I found some peasants. They helped me back to Nice, where I went to bed and had the doctors sew me up.'

How There Came to be Eight

(Mrs. A. C. Morrow, in 'Christian Missionary.')

There were seven of them, maidens in their teens, who formed one of those blessed 'Do without bands.' It was something entirely new, this pledge to 'look about for opportunities to do without for Jesus' sake;' but they were earnest Christian girls, so they organized with enthusiasm. Their first doing without was in their first meeting. One of the seven, Maggie, was honest enough to say, when the question was mooted as to whether they would have a silver or bronze badge, that she ought not to afford a twenty cent one. So the others decided to choose a bronze, which was only five cents, and save the twenty cents. And they had $1.40 to begin with.

Alice is rich. Her self-denial reached in many directions. She often went without ruching, and wore linen collars. She bought lisle thread stockings instead of silk. She mended her old gloves, and went without a new pair. She made thirty-five cent embroidery answer when she had been used to paying fifty.

Carrie is moderately wealthy. She never indulges in silk stockings nor high priced embroidery. She used the buttons of an old dress for a new one; bought just half the usual amount of plush for the trimmings, and did without flowers on her best hat.

Elsie never used expensive trimmings or feathers or flowers. She was a plain little body, but she did enjoy having her articles of the finest quality. So she bought an umbrella with a plain handle instead of a silver one, and a pocket book which was good and substantial, but not alligator, and walked to school when she used to patronize the horse cars.

Confectionery had been Mamie's extravagance. Once a week she went without her accustomed box of bon bons, and sometimes bought plain molasses candy instead of caramels, and saved the difference.

Peanuts and pop corn are Sadie's favorites. And as she began occasionally, 'to do without' these, she was surprised to know by the large amount she saved, how much she had been spending.

Lottie went without tea and coffee and sugar, and her mother allowed her what she thought they cost. She enlisted the sympathy of the family, and persuaded them to go without dessert one day in the week.

All this and much more these young girls did, not without some sighs and some struggling that first month; but it is growing easier to do without for Jesus' sake.

I think this history would have remained unwritten but for Maggie, the youngest and poorest of them all. Her dress was plain even to poverty. Fruit was a rare luxury on their table. Ruching and embroidery and fancy trimmings were not so much as thought of. She did not drink tea nor coffee. As the days wore on her heart was heavy, for there seemed absolutely no opportunity for her to do without, even for Jesus' sake. As she looked around her plainly furnished room she could see nothing which anyone would buy. Occasionally her mother had been used to giving her a penny to buy a doughnut to eat with the plain bread and butter lunch she

always carried to school. But the times seemed harder than usual, and there was no opportunity to deny herself even in the cake.

A copy of the Missionary paper came to Maggie's home. Alice had given a subscription to each of the band. The child's heart ached as she read the pitiful story of need in the homes so much poorer than her own, and going to her room she knelt and asked the Father to show her some way in which she could sacrifice something for him. As she prayed, the pretty pet spaniel came up and licked her hand. She caught him up in her arms and burst into a flood of tears. Many a time had Dr. Gaylord offered her twenty-five dollars for him, but never for a moment had she thought of parting with him. 'I cannot, darling, I cannot,' she said as she held him closer. His name was Bright, but she always called him 'Darling.' She opened the door and sent him away. Then she lay on her face for more than an hour, and wept and struggled and prayed. Softly and sweetly came to her the words, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son.' She stood up. 'I suppose he loved his only Son better than I love my darling. I will do it,' she said. Hurriedly she called Bright, and went away. When she came back she held five new five dollar bills in her hand. She put them into her 'Do-without envelope' and sent them to the Band, with a brief note. She knew she could never trust herself to go and take the money. They might ask her where she got so much.

Three days went by. Maggie was strangely happy, though she missed her little playmate. The fourth day good old Dr. Gaylord called. He wondered if it was extreme poverty that had forced the child to part with her pet. Maggie never meant to tell him her secret, but he drew it out of her in spite of her resolution. He went home grave and thoughtful. In all his careless, generous life he had never denied himself so much as a peanut for Jesus' sake.

'Come here, Bright,' he called as he entered his gate. Gravely the dog obeyed. He was no longer the frisky, tricky creature Dr. Gaylord admired. He missed his playmate.

The next morning when Maggie answered a knock at the door, there stood Bright, wriggling, and barking, and wagging his tale.

'My darling!' was all the child could say, as with happy tears she scanned the note Dr. Gaylord had fastened to his collar. It read:

'My dear,—Your strange generosity has done for me what all the sermons of all the years have failed to do. Last night, on my knees, I offered the remnant of an almost wasted life to God. I want to join your band, and I want to begin the service as you did by doing without Bright. He is not happy with me. God bless the little girl that led me to Jesus.'

So that 'Do without Band' came to number eight. Every month Dr. Gaylord sends his envelope, and his doing without usually amounts to more than their doing without all put together. And Maggie's Bible has a peculiar mark, at Ps. cxxvi. She thinks she knows what it means.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The Big Brother.

Through the vista of years I see the best big brother I ever knew. He had on a uniform, for he was a young soldier fighting for his country in a time of war. And his little brother was a sturdy chap of seven, who looked at Martin with the deepest admiration. Whatever Martin did was grand and fine in the eyes of Ted, and whatever Martin did not do was a thing to avoid.

Do big brothers realize that one reason among many others why they should be gentle-mannered and obliging, why they should wait on mothers and sisters and be respectful and considerate where their fathers are concerned, is that they are copied by the younger ones, in a careful imitation that is very flattering, but also that entails a great responsibility? The youth, almost a man in size and strength and years, should bear himself with dignity and courtesy everywhere because it is his duty; his family, the church, the Sunday-school, and society expects this of him. But his adoring juniors do more than expect. They copy. If the big brother is bold and brave, they overcome their fears. If he tells the truth at any cost, they are truthful. If he avoids profane words and shows that he has the will to overcome temptations, he strengthens, by the power of example, all the younger boys who know him.

Martin, my soldier boy, was one of those dear fellows who have time to listen to the trials of others, time to help a younger sister or brother with hard home work, sums, maps, memory tests, or the like, and time to tell stories in the firelight. When he came home on furlough he gave a good share of time to Teddy and Teddy's friends, and when the war was over and he went into business life, he was still willing in the evenings to spend an hour with Teddy.

We always dwell upon the great comfort a girl can be in her home. From the daughter we anticipate all sorts of little devices that bring joy, pleasant attentions to her elders, and numerous thoughtful acts that make the household a place of delight. But I sometimes think that the brother has as much as the sister to do with the deep, tranquil peace and content of the family. If he puts his strong shoulder under the daily burdens, the mother's load will seem less. If he does not fuss about trifles, the friction of the home will be diminished. If he may be relied upon to fulfil a promise, or a kindness, now and then, denies himself, and altogether if he behaves as a big brother should, his home will be a place of sunshine.

Our Lord has deigned to be our elder brother. Is there not in this a suggestion for each of the boys who are growing up? What better thing can they do than try to imitate him who pleased not himself?'—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Uses for Toads and Rats

Dr. Clifton F. Hodge, assistant professor of physiology and neurology at Clark University, in Worcester, Mass., has been devoting a good deal of time of late to the introduction of nature study in the public schools, and in preparing the subjects to be placed before the children for investigation he has learned some interesting facts. He has found that the common brown bat can be domesticated; that the garden toad, with proper encouragement, will keep a house free from flies; and that, if waters of a district are kept well stocked with fish and tadpoles, the mosquito pest can be reduced to reasonable limits.

Before setting the children at work, Dr. Hodge made personal observations of the toad in captivity. He constructed a small pen in his garden, and in it, in a pan of water, installed a male and a female toad. To attract food for them he placed within the inclosure bits of meat and bone. The results were as satisfactory as they were unexpected. The toads spent most of their time sitting within reaching distance of the bait, and killing the flies attracted by it. The female laid her eggs in the water of the pan, and in due time the little black tadpoles made their appearance. There was really no need of the imprisoning walls of wire netting; the prisoners could not have been hired to escape. The neighbors were receiving a marked benefit from the experiment. They had never had so few flies to annoy them. Then Dr. Hodge established another and larger colony. Here three or four toads were to be seen squatting about a single bone, each snapping at every fly that came near. The fact seemed to be established that if toads were encouraged to frequent the gardens there would be very much less annoyance from flies during the dog days.

Another of Dr. Hodge's experiments was with bats. His attention was turned to them just through the codlin moth, the insect to blame for most worm eaten apples. In an orchard near his home Dr. Hodge found nine of the grubs of this insect in a minute. Chancing to go in another orchard, hardly a mile from the first, he found only four of the grubs in an hour's search. There is an old barn near by in which lives a colony of between 75 and 100 bats. The owner of the farm informed the doctor that his apples were always free from worms. The naturalist caught a bat and offered to it some of the grubs, which were greedily accepted. The codlin moth flies only at night; the same is true of the bat. Putting the facts together, Dr. Hodge thought there was a strong case of circumstantial evidence that the bat was a very useful friend of the apple grower.

Dr. Hodge took half a dozen of the bats home with him and installed them in his parlor. At first they greeted any friendly advances with chattering anger. After a little while they became quite tame, and whenever their jailer entered the room they would fly to him for food. They never reached the point of allowing themselves to be handled, but they were friendly. Their home was in the folds at the top of the window draperies, and when night came, and sometimes in the daytime, they would spend their time flying about the room, regardless of the presence of members of the family. Dr. Hodge would occasionally feed them with insects in the evening, releasing netful after netful of the night-flying varieties, and never a bug remained in the morning. They took everything, from a spider to a polyphemus moth. One morning the doctor counted while one bat devoured sixty-eight house-flies. He believes that the bat would be almost susceptible to taming as the monkey.

Observation of fish in the aquarium has shown Dr. Hodge that they are the natural enemies of the mosquito. They are fond of the larvae of the singing pest. He saw one sunfish no larger than a silver dollar swallow between sixty-five and seventy wrigglers in a single hour. And it was also demonstrated to him that tadpoles, both of frogs and toads, are inveterate enemies of the embryo mosquito.

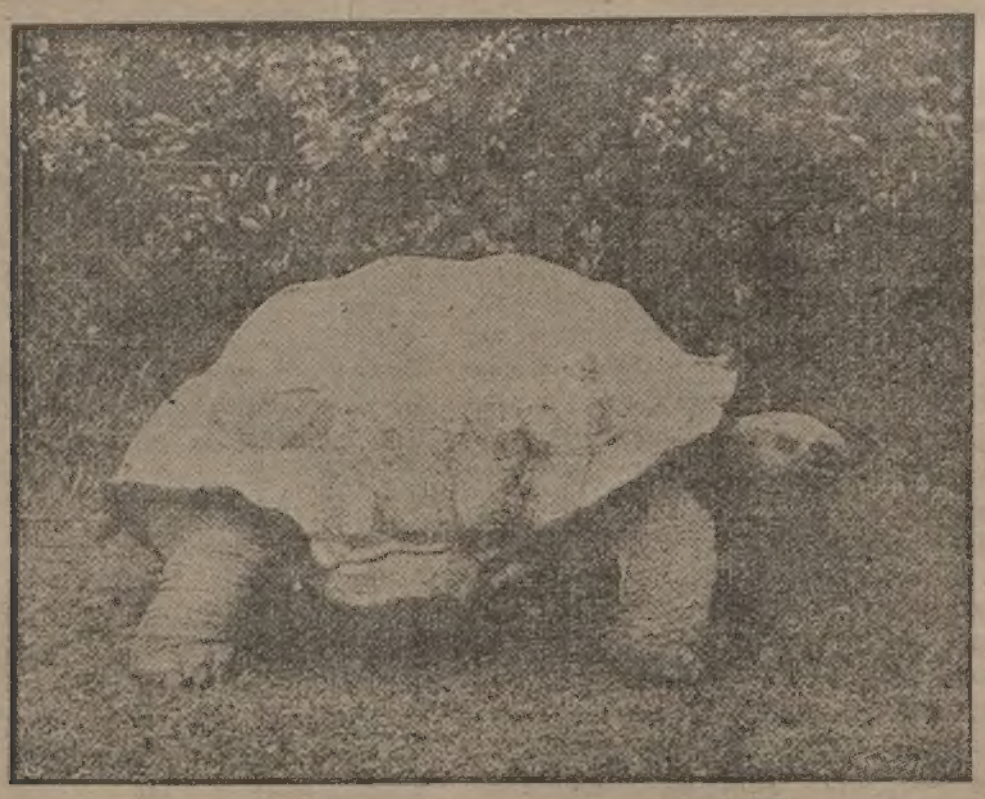
There is a mighty go in the Gospel as well as come. It is come, go. Go, preach and heal; go, home to thy friends; go, into the highways; go, into all the world. Many Christians do not obey; many churches have no blessing, because they do not go.—B. F. Jacobs.

LITTLE FOLKS

Two Hundred Years Old.

Yes, two hundred years old, and he lives in a garden in the pretty island of Mauritius, and is considered quite a curiosity. He is an enormous fellow, with great thick legs almost like an elephant's.

But though Mr. Turtle is said to be about two hundred years old, and ought, on that account, to be



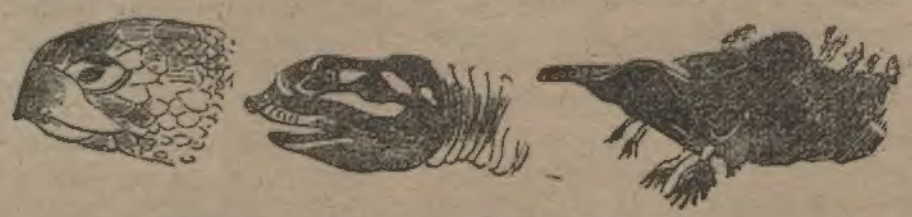
held in great veneration, I fear he has not always been treated with the respect he deserves.

History relates that a soldier once sat down on his hard scaly back; as he did not sink in or fall off, as he ought to have done, he was joined by two of his comrades, who were watching the result of the experiment. Three men on one turtle! But I don't think they had a very exhilarating ride, do you?

On another occasion a hard-hearted man fired a rifle shot at this long-suffering turtle; even that did not break his shell, but it made an impression—there has been a small indented mark in the shell in the middle of his back ever since.

One summer evening, when the owners of the garden where Mr. Turtle lived were having dinner, that gentleman thought he would like to join them, not as 'turtle soup,' of course, or even as 'mock turtle,' but real, live turtle. Quick as thought, at least as quickly as a turtle thinks, he escaped from the garden and actually managed to push himself half-way through the door into the house before he was discovered.

There was a great commotion at the advent of this self-invited guest, and, sad to say, his inhospitable hosts had him pushed all the way back again—but it took four men to do it.



HEADS OF VARIOUS SPECIES.

Since that time he has come to the conclusion that it isn't worth going through so much to get so little, so he limits his explorations to the garden.

We give above three heads of tortoises; the first a marine turtle, with parrot-like jaws, the middle one is the Triônyx ferox; and the third is called the Matamata.—'Child's Companion.'

A Grateful Cat.

In a family where there were no children, and the loss of little ones was felt very keenly, a great many pets from the animal world found a home. Among them was a beautiful cat. She was trained to do many little tricks, and had corresponding privileges, one being to sit in a high chair at the dining table beside her master, with a bib tied about her neck, and have her meals with the family. Her food was prepared for her on a plate just as a father would prepare it for his own child, and pussy would sit with her paws on the cross-bar of the chair and enjoy her dinner to her heart's content. She had learned to come to the dining-room when the summons-bell sounded, just as every member of the household did, jump into her chair and sit there awaiting her turn, most orderly and well-mannered.

One evening pussy was missing, and her master and mistress wondered what had become of her. The bell was sounded two or three times with no response.

When, suddenly, pitter, patter, down the stairs came kitty, something like a little whirlwind, rushed into the dining-room, leaped into her chair, and planted a mouse on her master's plate! She had been fed so often and so generously by her host that in her gratefulness she must needs repay his kindness by similar attention.—'Child's Hour.'

Old Billy.

By Abbie Sharp.

Billy stood neighing at the post, waiting for his master. He was a beautiful animal with intelligent eyes, and every one on the street knew him and why he was there.

He was not tied to a post. Oh, no! There was no need of that, for he was just telling his master that he was ready, and in a few minutes they would be riding up the street.

All day long he stood in the shed untied, even without a closed door to confine him. Yet he was quiet enough until the afternoon rolled around.

At 4 o'clock Billy waked up. He was almost as regular as the clock. Carefully backing the buggy hitched to him out of the shed onto the street, he stood at the post and neighed a welcome and a summons to his master. This is why every one knew him.

Every morning, six days in the week, Billy performed the same journey. If none but the regular stops were made, it was hardly necessary to guide him. He al-

ways, of his own accord, turned off at the post-office and waited patiently while they enquired for the mail.

Then on down to the factory. His master alighted and said; 'Get up, Billy.' The faithful animal walked quietly into the shed by himself prepared to spend the day.

Six days in the week, that was his routine. But when it came to the seventh, that was different, and he did not have to be told about it, either. Brisk and ready, he trotted sedately, never deigning to notice the places where he usually stopped.

The idea of the post-office never seemed to occur to him, for he trotted steadily and straightly, almost without guidance, to the little brick church and drew up before the door.

Was not that horse a friend worth having?—'Pets and Animals.'

'The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;—
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining.'
—'Sunday at Home.'

How Bob's Money Grew.

(By Sally Campbell, in 'SS. Times.')

(Concluded.)

Timmie did not know how it happened, but soon he had told about his grandmother, and how much he was worried.

Bob gathered up his money, and put it into his pocket.

'How much does her medicine cost?' he asked.

'Fifty-five cents when she takes the bottle.'

'Then I have enough for a bottle full. Come on, I'm going to buy it.'

'Oh, no!' said Timmie, but his face grew bright.

'Yes,' said Bob, 'she must have it.'

'But Gran won't let you; she's proud.'

'Yes, she will,' insisted Bob 'I'm her neighbor. Your neighbors help you. Come on.'

When they got to Gran's room Timmie lurked behind, but Bob walked in boldly.

'It's too bad you feel sick, Mrs. Bowles,' he said. 'I want to get some medicine for you in your bottle.' Gran looked at him.

'You can't, she said. 'I can't pay for it.'

'I'll pay,' said Bob, rattling the coins in his pocket.

'Who sent you here?' asked Gran Bowles.

'Nobody. Timmie felt so worried that I told him we'd go get your medicine. He was surprised. He said you wouldn't let me; but you will,—won't you?'

Timmie crept closer to the door. Gran spoke very gently.

'No, I couldn't let you do that,' she said. 'I can't take charity.'

'Father said once,' replied Bob, 'that you have been doing for different ones ever since he can remember. I know it's true, for three separate times you gave me cookies when I went by. Twice they were hot. No other lady ever gave me cookies but you.'

'Let me see,' said Gran Bowles, 'you are Trimbles boy,—ain't you?'

'Yes'm,—Bob.'

'Bob, eh?' That's for your grandfather. You've got his ways. He was the takingest young man in the county when I was a girl.'

Bob had already spied the bottle. Now he took possession of it.

'You'll feel better, he said, 'after you take your medicine.'

An hour later Bob sat once more on the kitchen steps. There was only one lonely penny in the broken-mouthed pitcher. He thought of the book in the shop window, and sighed once. Then he thought of Gran Bowles, and of Timmie's face when she had said that she felt 'easier' already, and how she had put her hand on his own head, and said, 'Good-night, my good little neighbor God bless you! You certainly favor your grandfather.'

'I don't care,' said Bob, shaking the pitcher defiantly; 'there was a fly-speck on the lid of that book when I looked last. And, anyway, I liked spending the money for Mrs. Bowles and Timmie, besides its being right. Six cents of it belonged to missions or something else good anyway.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Trio.

(By N. N. S.)

'Once on a time,' my grandma said,
'Three little maids I knew;
So oft they came a call to pay,
And made such sad ado,
That not a stitch of work could I
In proper fashion take,
For Knotty Thread seemed always there
To make the cotton break;
Or, if by chance, she stayed away
Whilst I my needle plied,
Then Pucker came and sewed my seam
Till I was mortified.

'I'd draw my forehead in a knot
And cry aloud, "Oh, pshaw!"
And every time I ripped my work
'Twas worse than e'er before;
Then, Botch would come, and with a grin,
"That's good enough," would say,
But all the same my mother's look
Would fill me with dismay;
And so it was she said at last,
"These maids must go away,
Until you learn to make them leave
You'll have no happy day."

'Not only when you sew, my dear,
But all you find to do,
Is sure to be completely spoiled
If you are careless, too;
I know a darling little maid,
And we'll invite her here,
For when she shows her smiling face
The trio fly from fear.'
Then grandma smiled and wished that I
My 'thinking-cap' would wear,
Until the name of this sweet maid
I could in truth declare.

'One little hint,' said she. 'I'll give,
That it begins with P——.
Yet, if you try quite long enough
The right guess yours will be.'
—Exchange.

Good-Night.

What do I see in baby's eyes?
So bright! So bright!
I see the blue, I see a spark,
I see a twinkle in the dark,
Now shut them tight.

What do I see in baby's eyes?
Shut tight! Shut tight!
The blue is gone, the light is hid;
I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.
Good-night! Good-night!
—'Examiner.'

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 12.

The Second Miracle in Cana.

John iv., 43-54.

Commit verses 49-51.

Golden Text.

The same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me. John v., 36.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 6.—John iv., 43-54.
Tuesday, Feb. 7.—Luke vii., 1-10.
Wednesday, Feb. 8.—Mark v., 22-24, 35-43.
Thursday, Feb. 9.—Mark ix., 14-29.
Friday, Feb. 10.—Matt. xv., 21-28.
Saturday, Feb. 11.—Acts x., 34-43.
Sunday, Feb. 12.—Luke xi., 1-13.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Galilee was a populous, commercial, and comparatively unconventional district. It was more in touch with the great world of art and traffic. An infusion of foreign elements in its population and its distance from the seat of national ecclesiasticism had a liberalizing influence. All tended to make it a favorable field for Jesus' ministry. Here he spent most of his time, worked most of his miracles, preached most of his sermons.

One obstacle stood in his way. He was himself a Galilean. He diagnosed the case when he said a prophet is not honored in his own country. Familiarity with him breeds contempt of him. But Jesus had forestalled this by his brief career at Jerusalem. His honor was an exotic transplated from Judea to Galilee. The Galilean pilgrims brought his fame back with them. So he was 'received.'

At the very scene of his first miracle came an importunate appeal for the working of another. A father's heart, wrung by anguish, forgetful of rank and station, makes its pitiful appeal. What recks it if he is a king's officer? Shall he stand upon any ceremony while his son lies at the point of death?

Thus early in his career Jesus announces a fundamental principle which shall guide him in the use of miraculous power. His signs and wonders are not wrought to extort faith from others. On the contrary, it shall be faith that extorts them from him. This faith the nobleman shows in his journey of twenty miles, and in the language of his appeal. The strength of his faith is further manifest in the way it endures an unexpected and severe test. Healing 'in absentia' was not so much as dreamed of. Yet, when Jesus spoke the word the man 'believed,' and 'went.' There was no dubious hesitation or further appeal for Jesus' own presence.

But on the morrow the nobleman's faith was destined to sweep out in a wider circle to embrace the Miracle-worker in a new and diviner office. When, by comparison of hours, it was discovered that the moment of the child's recovery was identical with that in which Jesus uttered the word of power, 'Thy son liveth,' then the nobleman believed his Divine nature and Messiahship. In this faith his whole house shared. So we have the lovely spectacle of the first converted family.

It has been affirmed by several authorities that St. John had a philosophy of his own in harmony with which he wrote his Gospel. He certainly had a method in the selection of incidents, miracles, and discourses which he recorded. In this instance of the nobleman, a story which bears the stamp of evident truth, the evangelist gives in epitome the history of the generation, growth and fruitage of faith. There is the sense of imperative need, the patent insufficiency of the human resources, the quest of power, the cry of the soul uttered in action, 'O, that I might find him of whom Moses and the prophets have spoken.' The miracle is a notable instance of not quenching the smoking flax. It has been said that Jesus lit up the little spark of faith in the breast of the nobleman into a clear and enduring flame for the light and comfort of himself and his house.

Jesus had just been ignominiously thrust out of Nazareth, his own city. It must have been, humanly speaking, gratifying under the circumstances to have this recognition of his power on the part of the nobleman of Capernaum. In a time of unfaith here was one who showed faith in him. It is true it was not as high a type of faith as that shown by the Samaritans. It required a sign for its confirmation. The nobleness of the Samaritan faith was that it required no other sign but Jesus' self. However, it was possible for the Galilean faith to evolve into a type similar to the Samaritan. And it did.

The sweet humanness of this narrative captures the heart. It is a voice of nature. One can not but exclaim, 'It must be true!' The nobleness of the nobleman is his affection for his son. His trouble gave him feet. He could not be rebuffed.

'The Galilean Spring' is the apt designation of this opening of Jesus' ministry in the north country. He sought and saw his opportunity. He sowed his seed with tireless and tragic diligence. The harvests of that sowing are still being reaped.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

A Scotchman and his wife were at prayer for a sick child. Even in his extremity habit asserted itself. He was using one of his phrases. 'Lord, remember thine ancient people, and turn again the captivity of Zion!' When the woman pulled his coat and exclaimed, 'Eh, mon! Ye are aye drawn out for the Jews, but it's our bairn that 's a-deein',' and then she cried, 'O, help us, Lord, and give us our darling back if it is thy holy will, but if he is to be taken, make us know thou wilt have him with thyself!'

Childhood stands conspicuously in the Bible. More miracles are worked upon children than upon any other one class. Directions are given concerning them. Promises are made to them. Those who cause them to offend are threatened. Jesus set a child in the midst of his disciples to teach them humility. He made the child-nature the requisite of entrance to his kingdom. The most radiant picture of the New Testament is that of Jesus with a child in his arms.

Every generation seeks after a sign—some marvel with an unseen cause. Human nature craves the sensation of surprise. It is a species of intoxication. Jesus called a halt to this. He guarded himself against the imputation of being a mere vender of cures.

There is a faith of a low type. It is selfish. It is of the fire-escape order. The highest type of faith does not need to be shored up by miracles. It responds to Jesus' ideal of life—to Jesus' self. It rests in him as the highest type of human character and at the same time the source of Divine power to aid in the evolution of personal character after the heavenly pattern.

Jesus apparently began a discourse upon the evil of seeking religious sensation as such, and to define the use and purpose of his miracles. But when he saw the state of the man's mind, he desisted. The average Church worker may find a caution here. There are conjunctions of circumstances which make 'teaching' inopportune and impossible. It has been said circumstances are better educators than verbal teaching.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

After two days: Rapid change of time and place in Jesus' life token of unworldly pilgrim nature.—Lange. A prophet not without honor: Jesus' intimate knowledge of human nature. The farther off I am read from my own home the better I am esteemed.—Montagne. Familiarity breeds contempt. Distance lends enchantment. 'Das ist nicht weit her.' No man is a hero to his own valet. In his own country: Want of esteem at home the prophets' signal to travel. Not a question whether there be persons susceptible to one's message, but the question is where?—Lange. Galileans received him. Antithtic to an implied rejection.—Ibid. Nobleman: Literally, king's man. No reference to birth.—Camb. Bib. Besought him: A request with little root in spiritual conviction at first.—Farrar. Much of the teaching of God comes to us through our children. Except ye see signs: First recorded words in Galilee.—Dods. That verbal teaching can only do harm which interposes between the moving events and the person who is passing through them.—Ibid. Warning his physical gifts not his greatest.—Ibid. Reproves superstitious trust in visible miracles.—Lange. Sir, come down: Distress of love makes him a believer.—Ibid. Trouble humbles pride, teaches prayer.—Ibid. Nobleman showed respect for Jesus in that he came in person to prefer his request.—Henry. Thy son liveth: The distinctive peculiarity of a mircle is that it consists of a marvel which is coincident with an express announcement of it, and is therefore referable to a personal agent.—Mozley. Inquired of them: Not self-interest, but a religious interest guiding him.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 12.—Topic—Christ a Servant—and we are servants. Phil. ii., 3-11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

FIVE COMMANDMENTS.

Monday, Feb. 6.—Hatred is murder. I. John iii., 15.

Tuesday, Feb. 7.—'Keep thyself pure.' I. Tim. v., 22.

Wednesday, Feb. 8.—'Thou shalt not steal.' Eph. iv., 28.

Thursday, Feb. 9.—A lying tongue. Prov. xii., 17-22.

Friday, Feb. 10.—Put away lying. Eph. iv., 25.

Saturday, Feb. 11.—Do not covet. Ps. cxix., 36.

Sunday, Feb. 12.—Topic—Five 'Thou shalt nots.' Ex. xx., 13-17.

Christ's Use of Little Things

Christ never despised little things. The poor widow's coppers were estimated by him as worth more than many large offerings of rich men. 'She hath cast in more than they all.' Her two mites were not worth much to Caesar or to Caiaphas, but Christ had need of them. The emperor could afford to reward the man that added a new province to the empire. The King of kings does not fail to reward him who gives a cup of cold water. Moreover, he made conquests with his 'little ones' that Caesar could not make with his legions. What he did he does. The log church built by the mountaineers may witness a greater work than a temple that is the pride and boast of a city. The shepherd lad with only a sling was more than a match for the enemy who had terrified all Israel. He trusted himself in God's hands, and God used him.—Exchange.

The Bible in France.

Twenty-five years ago it was well-nigh impossible to procure a copy of the Bible in France. An American lady residing in a certain French city, desiring to procure one, asked for it at the best bookstore, and not finding it there went from store to store in her quest. She observed that the clerks looked askance at her, and finally the proprietor of one store, a benevolent looking old man, drew her aside and said, in all courtesy, 'Madame, you probably are ignorant of the character of the book you are asking for; it is a very obscene book which no lady would wish to read.' It is stated now that one society in Paris alone sold seven hundred and fifty copies of the Bible every business day during the first six months of the current year, and that a total of fifteen millions of copies had been distributed in France by the same society.—'Ram's Horn.'

The Teacher's Preparation.

When one is specifically called of God to teach, one should give earnest attention to the 'how' of this great work. We recognize three problems in this 'how'—the teacher, the lesson, and the scholar; but the scholar as a problem is oftenest overlooked. Let me connect the first and last. A gardener is sought to drain and improve a certain piece of ground, when the question is put to him, 'What will be the approximate cost?' he at once replies, 'I cannot tell until I see the ground.' But further conversation develops the fact that the ground adjoins the home of his boyhood, and he exclaims, 'Why, yes, I can give you an estimate,

for I am familiar with every hill and valley and tree.'

Have you not, dear teacher, trodden the very path that your scholars are now walking? Have you not played and trifled and sneered over the very spot that you are now called upon to 'improve' in the lives of the children? Had I never been a child, I never could teach children. To the extent that I forget my childhood I become an inefficient teacher. Communion with my boyhood days will suggest ways of presenting truth, will whisper what should be said and what should not be said. 'My Young Days' is a text book that should be consulted in the preparation of every lesson.—Melbourne 'Spectator.'

Companionship.

Life's companionships are full of significance for the Christian as well as for the worldling. While the determination of character is ultimately found in the will of the individual, it is nevertheless true that a man's companions, even his chance acquaintances, exercise a strong influence in directing, accentuating, or modifying his dominant characteristics. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that a man should select his friends judiciously and should deal with all transient acquaintances cautiously, not admitting any to close intimacy until their worth has been surely tested and their affection proved through extended trial. One there is whose friendship for the soul is ever dependable, blessed, and, in the supreme sense, rewarding. God can be trusted. All true human friendships, like those of David for Jonathan, are types, partial, but significant, of that most blessed divine relation which subsists between the Great Creator and the soul that humbly confides in him.—Selected.

Human Sympathy.

The next step toward winning scholars for Christ outside the class, is that of bringing what I may call the teacher's humanness to bear upon them. I have heard it said that we need converting, first from the natural to the spiritual, and then back again from the spiritual to the natural. That is especially true of Sunday-school teachers. They must be human, and take a living and affectionate interest in the games and school life of their scholars.

The Holy Spirit works mightily through the simple naturalness and the happy humanness of a fully surrendered man or woman. A knowledge of foreign stamps and the gift of a few 'changers;' an interest in photography and a few lessons in the art; skill on the cricket and football fields, and in swimming, or with the Indian clubs, or at musical drill—all these and many other interests, that seem far removed from spiritual things, may be used to the glory of God in the winning of young lives for Christ. 'Enter into the life of your scholars through every avenue God opens for you,' is advice that every teacher ought to lay to heart. Be the big brother of your boys and the big sister of your girls, teachers. The time you spend with them during the week is time well used, although you never speak a word about Christ. You gave the time to them for his sake; you romped with them for his sake; you sacrificed your own cricket match and umpired for your boys for his sake; and not in vain. You gained an influence over them, and an insight into their characters, and even a supply of illustrations that you will ask the Holy Spirit to baptize with fire, and that will hold them breathless on your lips next Sunday afternoon. The Incarnation is a proof that humanness has a share in the redemption of mankind. We must have good men, and full of the Holy Spirit in our Sunday-schools, but we must have men and women. If you would win your class for Christ, be human.—The Rev. James Mursell.

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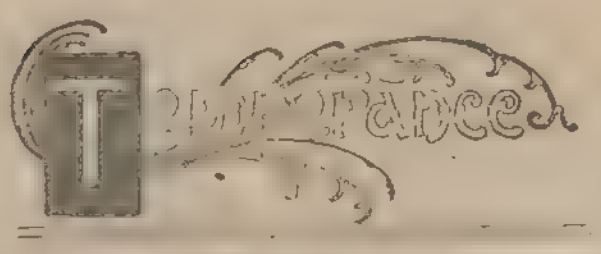

Nicotine.

I am the Spirit Nicotine;
'Tis I who glide the lips between;
Through the lips I trace the brain;
There I am a mighty pain.
I pursue my fatal track
Down the arched and narrow back,
And the vertetrae grow slack.
Naught can hinder, naught can swerve,
I pervade each secret nerve;
Pick my meal with knife and dart
From the palpitating heart;
Quaff the leaping crimson flood
Of the rich and generous blood.
I the yellow bile diffuse,
Paint the face in ghastly hues.
Muscle and sinew
May not continue
To hold their wonted haughty pride,
The while I through the system glide.
Slowly I my purpose wreak,
Slowly fades the blooming cheek.
Gloomy fancies I suggest,
Fill with fears the hardy breast.
The limbs then fail,
The lamp burns dim,
Life hears death's hail,
And answers him.
Heart and liver, lung and brain,
All their powers lose amain,
And yield to me;
And I! and I!
Laugh to see
My victim die.

—'Jewish Messenger.'

The Doctor Gave in.

I advise you not to take alcoholic drinks if advised by a doctor (says the Rev. Canon Wilberforce). If a doctor tells you to take alcoholic drinks, you should treat him as a man did in the North. The man, who belonged to a club, was ill, and was attended by a medical officer of the lodge, who ordered him to take some stout. 'I am a Blue Ribboner,' said the man. 'I can't help that,' said the doctor; 'you must have the stout.' 'Do you advise me to take it as a medicine or as a luxury?' 'As a medicine.' 'Then perhaps you will kindly send it down, because, as a club doctor, you are bound to pay for the medicine.' Upon which the doctor came to the conclusion that something else would do as well in the case.—'Canadian Royal Templar.'

Reliable Men Wanted

Beer and brains do not mix well together. The railways and corporations whose work requires clear-headed men are finding this out. The latest railway to issue orders against drinking by its employees is the Great Northern. The rule applies not merely to drunkards, but a man known to take an occasional drink will be discharged. It is just as much of a peril for an engineer to tread his crown of reason under foot for an hour as to go on a debauch lasting a week. He may be on his cab in that one hour, and a critical situation may arise just then, imperilling hundreds.—'C. E. World.'

An Arab Legend.

The Arabs have a fable from which we may learn a helpful lesson.

Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled by a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

'It is very cold outside,' said the camel; 'I only wish to get my nose in.'

The miller was an easy kind of a man, and so the nose was let in.

'The wind is very sharp,' sighed the camel. 'Pray allow me to put my neck inside.'

This request was also allowed, and the neck was also thrust in.

'How fast the rain begins to fall! I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?'

This, too, was granted; and so the camel asked for a little more, and a little more, until he pushed his whole body inside the house.

The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had got in his room, which was not large enough for both, and as the rain was over, civilly asked him to depart.

'If you don't like it you may leave,' saucily replied the beast. 'As for myself, I know when I am well off, and shall stay where I am.'

This is a very good story. We hope the Arabs are all wiser and better for it; but let us also try to turn it to good account.

There is a camel knocking at the entrance hall, seeking to be let in; its name is Drink. It comes silently and craftily, and knocks: 'Let me in;' only a very small part at first. So in comes the nose; and it is not long before, little by little, it gains entire possession. Once in possession, the master soon becomes the tyrant. Thus it is that bad thoughts enter the heart; then bad wishes arise; then wrong deeds; until evil habits rule. 'It is the first step that leads astray.—Selected.

An Indian on Whiskey.

Jim Barnette, a full-blooded Indian, in a letter to one of the two newspapers in Indian Territory, published both in English and in Indian dialect, writes, under the caption 'What an Indian thinks of whiskey': 'I know whiskey is a murderer and a robber too, and it takes all the money away from man. When a man goes to town and tells his wife he is going to get such things, and so his wife would depend on him and also his children, but when he gets back he would be drunk and his wife's feelings is hurt and also his children, because he comes home drunk and broke. This tells us that whiskey is a bad thing.'

'Progress,' a paper published by the students of the Industrial School at Regina, N. W. T., copies this letter, and remarks: 'Jim's English is a little out of gear, but his idea of whiskey is all right.'

London's Greatest Need.

The Rev. Dr. John T. Christian, who for many years was the summer evangelist at the Edinburgh Castle Mission in East London, though pastor of a Baptist Church in America, was once asked the following question by an American interviewer:

'Now, Dr. Christian, you have probably read that when the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Parker's successor, was asked what he considered the greatest need of Chicago, he answered, "Soul." What do you consider the greatest need of London?'

In a flash Dr. Christian answered: 'Sobriety! Why, we over here have no conception of the awful drink condition there. Down in the lowest slums the flaming gin-palaces abound; they are at every corner. At any time of the day you can see slatternly women drinking at the bar, or even in the streets, with children in their arms, often giving the liquor to the children. One prominent physician told me that once before he could perform an operation on a child of two years he had to wait two weeks for the child to sober up.

'Things are bad enough here, but there they seem to be settled down into a dull, sodden condition that tells on all the life of the people. It is easy to understand the superiority of the American workman.' When one really knows the under life of London he thinks of it not only as dark and dirty, but also as drunken.—'Christian Age.'

Liquor Fiends.

And now it is discovered that drunkenness is responsible for most of the crimes of lynching. Whiskey fires ignite the fires at the stake. 'Leslie's Weekly' expressed the belief that 'investigation would establish the fact that no lynching affair was ever led by sober men, or in a community where no saloons were allowed to exist.' In every case where lynching has occurred, the authorities have at once found it necessary to order the saloons closed until peace and order were restored. Where saloons abound there can be no permanent peace and order, and when men of evil passions are full of whiskey they are ready for any offence against order. No doubt most of the Southern negroes who commit heinous crimes are drunken negroes, just as the white men of the North who commit such crimes are generally drunken. Drunkenness makes brutes and fiends out of bad-tempered men, no mat-

ter what their color. Keep whiskey out of bad men, and you will keep most bad men out of heinous crimes. Sober men in lust and greed and frenzy may sometimes break the law and shed blood and do nameless wrong, but these are the exceptions. Write it down that as a rule the colored fiend is a drunkard, and the fiends that lynch the fiend are drunkards also.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

What Will They Do?

What will the young men who are tending bar do when prohibition prevails? If they are honest, let them do what other honest men may do, hunt a job.

What will drunkard's wives do when all the saloons are wiped out? Start laughing schools.

What will the business men do when the saloons fails. Do more business, hire more clerks, make more money, and do lots of good.

What will become of the ice man who sold so much ice to the saloon-keepers? He will sell more ice to families, and ice to families that never got any ice in saloon days.

What will become of the tailor who sells a $40 suit of clothes every three months to the saloon-keeper? He will be making fifty $20 suits for the men who once patronized the saloon-keeper.

What will become of the poor landlord who got such good rent from the saloon-keeper? He will get just as much, if not more rent from a man whose business will lessen the landlord's taxes.—'The Searchlight.'

Why the Parson Signed the Pledge.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

(J. C., in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

But now Parson Mowbray had gone to his long rest, and a new voice spoke from his pulpit; and Jasper missed the friend who had upheld him, and began to feel that the winter nights in the lonely little house on the moor were long and dreary, and began to wonder whether it could be right for the men at the 'Golden Pig' to be enjoying themselves of an evening—and even the parson to be having his little glass—while he, Jasper, had to spend the nights in dull turpitude.

'I'll have one glass at 'ome of a night-time,' he said to himself, 'like the parson. There can't be no harm in that.'

Poor weak Jasper!

CHAPTER II.

'Am I My Brother's Keeper?'

John Graham did not increase in popularity, and seemed to make no headway in the affections of the people, though he visited them, and made inquiries after their ailments. Gradually the attendance at church fell off; the youths took to grouping about the lych-gate, as aforetime, and the matrons of the community discovered that they must be busy at home, and had no time for church-going. The two churchwardens, Drayton and Wood, both good men, were grieved at this state of affairs, and put their heads together as to the best course to take. The result was, one stormy evening they both walked up to the Parsonage together, and rang the door-bell. They were plain, homely men, farmers in the neighborhood, and once ushered into the drawing-room their courage failed and they would fain have fled. John rose to meet them, as they entered, with genuine surprise.

'What brings you out on such a stormy night?' he asked, smiling unsuspectingly.

The two great farmers looked as guilty and uncomfortable as schoolboys caught making grimaces behind their master's back. Each waited for the other to begin.

'We've come, sir,' said Drayton, at last, 'to ax of you something as we're very much afeard will offend you, which we 'umbly beg you will not be, seeing as 'tis all meant in good part.'

'Certainly,' said John, cordially, 'speak out, say what you like!'

'Well, sir,' said Wood, respectfully, ''tis consarnin' of many things we've heerd. You knaw, Wellby used to be an uncommon place for drunkenness till pa'son Mowbray signed the pledge, he did sir, and work like a hangel in this parish to save them from the drink, and got them nearly all to come to church, he did, sir, even Jasper Redwold, as was the worst on 'em all.'

He paused, as if he knew not how to go on.

'Well?' said John, in a hard dry tone.

'Well, sir,' said Wood, bravely, 'lately things 'as bin altered. The "Golden Pig" is getting back all its old custom again, and the attendance at church is fallin' off, and men as haven't drunk for years, sir, are drinking again.'

'Well?' said John again.

'They do say, sir,' went on Wood with difficulty, 'as how they needn't set up to be better nor the pa'son, and what's good enough for he, be good enough for them, and such like, sir. Not that they're right,' he added, noting the strained look on John's face, 'but they be'ant men of any learning, and that's what they do say, beggin' your pardon, sir.'

'I am not accountable for their point of view! What would you have me do?'

'Well, sir,' and this was the hardest bit of all to say, 'if you would sign the pledge, sir, and go and tell them about it, and coax them away from the drink, sir, I believe they'd be easy led. They want a bit o' friendship, so to speak.'

'What you ask is quite impossible,' said John, controlling himself with a great effort, 'and you must see that it is very insulting to ask it. I have been ordered a little port wine by the doctor. Beyond that I never go, and am in no danger whatever. I shall never sign the pledge.'

'We didn't mean that, sir,' cried both together, 'not to sign for your sake, but for the example to others. Oh, don't be offended, sir.'

'I am not offended,' said John, sadly. 'I believe you meant well. But let this be an end of the matter.'

There was nothing more to be said, and the two good men took their leave, disconsolately. And when they had gone, the poor young clergyman sat down and bowed his head in his hands, upon the table.

And Miss Graham coming to the door softly, and seeing him thus, went away and left him.

It was a day or two after the churchwardens' visit. John was standing in the garden waiting for Patrick Kelly, the handy man, to appear. He had desired him to be there at eleven o'clock to receive some instructions about the planting of a new flower-bed, but no Patrick was forthcoming. At length a small boy put in an appearance, and informed John succinctly that 'Patrick couldn't come'—he'd been knocked about by Jasper Redwold at the 'Golden Pig' the night before, and was 'hors de combat.'

The same afternoon, Mary Graham called to John, as she was going out, to know if he would accompany her on her errand of mercy? 'I am going to see that sweet child, Kittie Redwold,' she said, slinging her basket of goodies on her arm, 'won't you come and see her, too? She is such a pathetic little thing, and the other sister, Maggie, is really a little heroine. The way she has taken care of poor Kittie, and slaved to keep the home together, is really wonderful.'

'Yes, I think I will come with you,' said John.

'You have grown quite pale lately, laddie,' said his aunt, as they went along together. 'The walk over the moors will do you good.'

Somehow or other, as they walked over the moors, gorgeous with the tints of Autumn, John confessed to her what had been preying on his mind, and detailed the churchwardens' visit.

'The more I think over it,' he said, 'the more it seems to me that I am not responsible for any but myself; and yet, on the other hand, I may be.'

'A shepherd is always responsible for the sheep,' said Mary Graham, gently.

There was silence between them for a little while, and when they spoke again it was on other subjects.

The Redwolds' cottage was spotlessly neat and clean, without and within, and Maggie, neatly dressed, was sitting beside her sister, reading. Very beautiful she looked, with her large soft brown eyes, and masses of curly chestnut hair, loosely tied with a pink ribbon.

Kittie's sweet face brightened when she saw her visitors. 'How good of you to come,' she said.

'It is such a lovely day,' Miss Graham said, 'and I thought I would like to come and bring you some flowers and some sweeties, and see how you were, and I've brought my nephew to see you.'

Kittie shook hands shyly with John, and Maggie brought forward a chair.

'What is the matter with your hand, my dear?' cried Miss Graham, noticing Maggie's hand was tied up in many bandages.

'Oh, nothing!' she said, slipping it hastily behind her back.

'Yes, there is!' contradicted Kittie. 'Father cut it with a knife. He came home drunk last night, and was swearing dreadfully.'

'Oh, poor children,' cried Mary Graham, distressfully. 'I am so sorry!'

'I do not mind it,' said Maggie, 'as long as he leaves Kittie alone. And when he's not in the drink, nobody could be kinder.'

(To be continued.)

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 21, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER

In the Far East and St. Petersburg—The 'Sun,' New York.
No Russian Revolution—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Thanked by the Czar—Port Arthur's Defenders Warmly Praised—American Papers.
Russia's Note to the Powers—Danger of General Uprising in China—American Papers.
The Heavy Hand of War—Special Correspondence of the New York 'Evening Post.'
Fighting Fifty Years Ago and Now—Earl Roberts's Comparison—From an Article by Earl Roberts in the 'Nineteenth Century.'
Russia and Finland—Protest by the Diet—English Papers.
Venice and Its Decay—By Herbert Tourtel, in the 'Daily Express,' London.
Railway Rate Regulation—By Paul Morton, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
Peary and the North Pole—The New York 'Times.'
The Tsar-moot Case and After—The Providence 'Journal.'
[illegible] Empire—By Benjamin Taylor, in the 'Fortnightly Review,' abridged.
The Scottish Church Commission—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Personality and the Pulpit—By James E. Freeman, Rector of St. Andrew's Memorial Church, in the 'Outlook,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS

The New Old School of Japanese Art—A Lecture by Okakura Kakuzo, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
A Frost-bitten Genius—The Westminster 'Gazette.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

[illegible]
[illegible] 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
[illegible] Burne-Jones—By A. Clutton-Brock, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Journalism or Literature?—The Boston 'Herald.'
The Twentieth Century New Testament—'Review of Reviews,' London.
Poverty in the United States—Robert Hunter Estimates its Extent—By Edwin Markham, in the New York 'Times' Book Review.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Development of the Boy—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Heavens in January—By Garrett P. Serviss, in the 'Scientific American,' New York.
Winter Negatives and Firelight Studies—'Camera' in the [illegible]
To Dissipate Fog—Sir Oliver Lodge's Wonderful Experiments to be Repeated in New York—The 'World,' New York.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.
PASSING EVENTS.

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Correspondence

Kirkfield, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am nine years old. I have two brothers and two sisters. My eldest sister is going to school in Kinsley. She is in the ninth grade. We have had two snowstorms, and we take our sled to school and sleigh ride down hill. My teacher's name is Mr. L. As for pets, I have two kittens, and their names are Tom and Whittie. I like reading the Little Folks' Page and Correspondence. Papa has just brought us boys a pony. JOHN H.

Great Burin, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I thought I would write one. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and like it very much. I am eleven years old. I go to Sunday-school and the day-school, and I am in the third reader. My brother and sister go to the same school, and they are both younger than I. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books. The last one I read was 'Alice's Pupil.' I might say that I read the Bible through. I go to the Methodist Church. We are building a new church this summer. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Hannah H. My papa is the superintendent; we have no mamma. My sister and brother are in the Band of Hope. I think this is all I will write this time, seeing it is my first letter. I hope my letter is not too long, so I will close.

MATTIE B. M.

New Richmond.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old, and this is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have three sisters and one little brother, and their names are Amy, Edith, Alma, and my brother's name is Richard. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. We have a colt, and her name is Jess. I go to school every day, and I am in the third reader. I am taking music lessons. My father keeps the post-office. RUTH B.

Loch Lomond.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the 'Messenger' and the letters. I have never written to you before, but I think I will do so today. For pets I have a large Maltese cat and a dog; also a horse. My papa has a store and a carding mill. My grandfather is over one hundred and one years old; he is quite smart, and on last election day polled his vote for the Liberals, which he gained. I am eleven years old. WILLIE M. C.

St. Mary's, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will now write and thank you for the Bible. I think it is a very nice one. I think Emma R., of Montreal, wrote a very interesting letter. My brother got his leg broken playing football. I have a cat and a calf, and I have great fun with my brother's dog. I could not play with him a while ago, because he got his leg cut off by the mowing machine. I have one sister and two brothers. I am in the third class.

M. S. G. McC. (aged 9).

Placentia Bay, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am ten years old, and I have one sister named Maggie. She is married. I went with her for a month in the bay for a cruise. I have one little niece named Hilda. For pets I have one sheep and three cats. We also have eight sheep, six ducks and eighteen hens. I go to school now. I am in the fifth grade at school. I would like to join the royal league of kindness. ELSIE C. S.

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I go to school, and I am in the second reader. I like my teacher very much. I go to the Park Baptist Church and Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher I like too. I like Joseph W. T.'s letter best. My father keeps a store. I have one brother and a sister. My sister's name is Ada, and my brother's is Eddie.

JOCKIE P.

Kirkfield, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. I have three brothers and one sister. I go to school. I was neither absent nor tardy all last winter. I read the 'Messenger,' and like to very much. For playmates I have two kittens, and their names are Mary and Nolta. We have a pup, whose name is Dash. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' RUTH H.

Stafford.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I have two sisters and one brother. I am in the third reader. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I belong to the Methodist Church and Sunday-school. I have about one mile to go to Church. CLIFFORD D.

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I do not take it myself, but one of my friends lent it to me. I go to school, and I am in grade five. I am twelve years old. The books I have enjoyed reading are 'Black Beauty' and 'Babes in the Basket.' I like your paper very much. I enjoyed reading that letter Roy R. wrote; it was so long. I am a Methodist. I have a grandmother and an aunt in Nova Scotia, and four aunts that live quite near. Some time ago we had a Sunday-school convention here in the city, which all the other Sunday-schools attended, and all we children sang, and we were called the 'Sunshine Choir.' I have two brothers, one younger and one older than myself. I suppose you keep Labor Day. There were a great many excursions up the river and a lot of people went out of the city on the last Labor Day. I have no pets, but like animals very much.

ANNIE B. L.

Tow Banks, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a lot near Lake Erie. We have two cows and one horse. I have two brothers, but no sisters. I go to school, and I am in the second grade. I am ten years old. M. F. O'NEIL.

L'Avenir, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am eight years old. We live on a farm. I go to school every day. I am in the third reader. I have two little sisters, Bernice, aged six, and Evelyn, aged eight.

GLADYS B.

Danville, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My school is not open now. We live very near St. Johnsbury. A lot of people come here in the summer time. This is a great summer resort. I used to live in Sawyerville, Que. I think Joseph W. T.'s letter was very interesting. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness.' I am in the fifth grade at school.

GLEASON H. McC.

Delaware.

Dear Editor,—We live two miles from Delaware village. I go to school nearly every day, all but Saturday, and I go to the Sunday-school. But it is stopped now. I like going to school, and my favorite studies are arithmetic and grammar. We are going to have a lady teacher, I think. I am ten years old, and I am in the third reader. We do not have any grades in our school. Our dogs' names are Range and Watch. I have not a brother nor a sister. I am the only one. This is a very pretty place in the summer. I have the flower garden to tend. I like reading very much.

GERTRUDE M. P.

North Hanover, Mass.

Dear Editor,—We spent a very pleasant time at Thanksgiving, and I hope many others did the same. I have three brothers and one sister. My oldest brother is working at Cape Cod. I am in the fifth grade at school. Next year I shall go in the grammar school. I have read many books which I cannot name, but my favorites are the 'Dainty Books' and the 'Colonial Books.' We have a very nice time playing at school in the basement. We have six swings which the boys brought. I have one I call my own. On cold days the schoolroom is not very warm, and so we march around, and then we try to keep step running, to make us warm. My father has a milk route. We have three cows, a nice horse that we call Joe, and a number of hens. JENNIE McN.

Nober, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy twelve years old. I live on a farm one-half mile from Nober. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school, at which I get the 'Messenger,' which I like very much. I go to school, and I am in the fourth grade. I take music lessons. I have a papa and mamma, and one little sister in heaven. I have a dog named Barney, and a kitten named Tinker. A. STANLEY M.

Dear Editor,—I love your paper very much. I have no pets, and I have two brothers and two sisters. I have also two brothers dead and one sister. I liked 'Dalph and Her Charge; or, Saved in a Basket.' My brothers' names are Robert, Arthur, Clarence and Jimmie. My sisters' names are Dora S., Agnes May and Nancy Elizabeth, who is two years old.

PHOEBE J. W.

Lorne.

Dear Editor,—I thought that I would write you a letter. I have a kitten and a dog. I play with the kitten. I go to school every day. I have three sisters and three brothers. I am in the Part II. I am seven years old. I was at London Fair, and I had a good time.

SUSIE H.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have been taking the 'Messenger' for about five months, and I like it very much. I have one pet, and that is a kitten. I am fourteen years old and I am in the fourth grade. I have twenty cattle and twenty sheep, and a colt to see to this winter. I have five brothers and two sisters. ROY L.

Byng, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old. I passed the entrance examination this summer. We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and I like it very much. I have five sisters and two brothers. MILDRED D.

Callander.

Dear Editor,—Callander is a nice place in summer, but cold in the winter. Many tourists come to Callander, and go up the lakes. They fish, and go out boating. I go to school every day. I am in the Junior IV. grade. I sit with Jean McB. The bay is frozen over. When the lake is frozen we go skating. Mr. W. is going to build a rink. I have a sister who is younger than myself, and her name is Laura. There is a new brick building going up now. We have two mills, and a lot of shops, a Presbyterian church, an English church, and a Catholic church. We go to the Presbyterian church, where I get the 'Messenger.' I saw a question asking those who have not a letter in the paper to vote on the letters they think the best. I think George A. G., of St. David's, Ont., was the best. GERTRUDE P.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters telling all about the place in which you live, rather than about pets. Our post-office is Marmion, but the place where it is is called Sharon. Sharon has a store, or, rather, two stores, but one is closed, a blacksmith's shop, a house and a post-office. Quite a town, is it not? We live about two miles from Sharon, and as we live on a hill, we can see quite a long way.

GERTRUDE T.

South Branch, King's Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have six brothers and two sisters. I get the 'Messenger' in my Sunday-school. I enjoy reading it. My papa farms in the summer and lumbers in the winter. We keep the post-office. My papa had a portable mill here for the last five winters. There is no school here this term. I have only one grandmother living, and she lives with us.

BERTIE P. McH. (aged 11).

Rhea Creek.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you, as I have been reading the Correspondence. I take the 'Messenger.' I am eleven years old, and am in the fourth grade. I like to go to the day school. I live on a farm. I have one dog called Jauny and three puppies. We have a cat named Blackey. He is eleven years old. Our teacher is Miss M. H. I like to live on a farm. It has been blowing hard. We have a telephone. Papa is talking at it now. I have read 'Black Beauty,' 'Across Patagonia,' and 'Samantha Among the Brethren.' I like to read books. I broke my leg this fall, but it is well now. We have a nice house and barn. I live in Oregon. We live ten miles from Iowa. I have taken the 'Messenger' a year now.

GEORGE W. P.

HOUSEHOLD.

Love.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

—Bourdillon.

Halcyon Days.

(Fannie Chilbers, in the 'Union Signal.')

Sunnydale Marsh had a delightful situation on the right of a rushing, winding river. Night was approaching, and as the sun in cloudless splendor hovered above the distant mountains, the fields of the surrounding territory were not unlike miniature seas of golden light, broken only by the long, slanting shadows cast by the tallest peaks.

In the doorway of a pretty farmhouse, all unmindful of the primitive beauty and grandeur of the scene before her, stood a woman not yet thirty, although the sprinkle of gray in the rich, dark hair, and the wistfulness of the soft brown eyes told of heart-aches and longings borne in secret.

'Charles, I hear you intend driving to town to-morrow; do you think there will be room for me?'

There was a moment of suspense for Marie Nelson, who had timidly approached her husband as he sat on the veranda, smoking and reading his evening paper.

'No; I shall be in a great hurry,' he gruffly answered, without lifting his eyes from his paper.

Mrs. Nelson slipped back into the house. She felt that her heart would surely burst at her husband's indifference to her. Oh, for a glimpse of the home she had forsaken for him; for a sight of the high-walled garden with its old-fashioned tangled flowers; the crimson and gold in the evening sky; the homeland; and, above all, a glimpse of her mother's face! But no—. She had been trained to rigid ideas of duty by that mother, and here were her children and the man who had ceased to love her, yet the pent-up anguish of her heart burst forth in a cry so deep and bitter that her husband dropped his paper and assumed an attitude of formidable defense, anticipating a 'scene.'

There was no 'scene,' however, for Mrs. Nelson went straight to her baby's crib, and, throwing herself upon her knees beside it, she wept herself to sleep. An hour later when her husband sought her she was still sleeping, a smile upon her parted lips like the smile she was wont to throw back at him in the nights when the clock would strike ten, and they had to say 'Good night.'

Fully thirty seconds Mr. Nelson stood regarding that smile. It stirred strange memories, for his lips suddenly closed and his brow darkened. Ah! Conscience, with remorseless finger was pointing to the men and machinery which had multiplied the comforts of his labor, and the drives with which the rainy days had been beguiled. Then, as unerringly, it pointed to the isolation of her life, without any social contact to enlarge her mental horizon. Even books had been condemned as 'too expensive,' yet there was always a willing expenditure for new and improved farm implements which played no part in the monotonous activities of her work.

Like a thief, Charles Nelson stole to the summer kitchen, and for long hours, pencil in hand, he added, subtracted and divided long columns of figures, until the old, hard look returned to his face. Thrusting the pencil into his vest pocket he went quietly to bed.

Marie Stuart, when only seventeen years of age, had married Charles Nelson, then an enthusiastic young farmer, twelve years her senior, and both had cheerfully come to Sunnydale Marsh to battle with the soil for a living. That was almost thirteen years ago, before the advent of roads, or the lumberman's axe had been applied to the thickets. For two years theirs was an ideal life in which they worked and sang together. Then came the purchase of the farm and the building of the pretty home in which their children had been born. Increasing prosperity, however, claims its due. There came a day when increasing gains had brought diverging cares in which a silence fell between them; and, without any apparent cause, the song was hushed; the sunshine was shadowed, and they seemed to grow steadily apart—one engrossed in her children, yet silent and observing of the other's neglect, and that other, revelling in his work, harvested with clock-like regularity from sun-up to dusk, and even then was loath to leave his task.

The following morning as the men were filing in to breakfast she heard one of them ask for the line of work for the day.

'Follow up the harvest,' returned Mr. Nelson, looking towards the fields; 'but first of all harness Queen and Bess, as I intend going to town.'

A half hour later as Marie Nelson watched her husband drive out into the smooth graveled road in the cool, white light of the early morning, her throat became dry and parched, and for a moment her heart seemed to cease beating as she thought of the utter loneliness of the hard, dreary day to which he had left her without even a farewell glance, and were it not for the little ones—her eyes sought the river, but something in the red glow stealing across the waters frightened her.

All that day as she went to and fro about her household work she found it hard to repress the bitterness in her heart. They had been married nearly thirteen years, and yet she could count on the fingers of her two hands the number of times she had been to the village. True, at first, there had been neither roads nor horses; then the babies came to occupy her time, and again there was no resting place in the village save the grass-grown wayrides, unless it was the crowded little store which had not even a chair for tired ones like her. Yet at times so great was her longing for a change of scene that she insisted upon going to town with her husband, although she knew she would have to stand for hours while he sought the shelter of the warm saloon. Often at these times she carried a crying babe in her arms while another child fretted at her side.

Again it was sundown, and again Marie Nelson stood in the farmhouse doorway. Like a long white ribbon lay the road for two miles, then it made a sharp turn; crossed a tiny bridge and wound its way around the foot of a long hill, then straight ahead again for five miles to the village. It was over this road Mr. Nelson must come in order to reach home.

'They are cutting the last strip now,' she murmured to herself, transferring her gaze to the distant fields in which vast stretches of grain were falling before her husband's binders.

Fifteen minues later he drove into the barnyard. There was a step on the threshold, and he entered the summer kitchen, calling:

'Mamie, Mamie.'

A look of unspeakable joy almost glorified the pale face. The name was hailed with the ecstacy of a mariner suddenly coming upon a beacon light in the pervading gloom of despair. Surely her husband had not been to the saloon that day. Too much amazed to speak she dropped the breadknife upon the table, while her sweet brown eyes took in her husband's animated countenance. They were a few feet apart but their glances met. Throwing wide his arms, as in the long ago, he folded her to his heart.

'This is absurd,' she laughed almost breathlessly; 'the men—'

'Bother the men! Come out and see what I have brought you, Mamie,' and taking her unresisting hand drew her across the step. There, tied to the back paling, was a dainty black mare harnessed to a roomy buggy.

'Dolly and the buggy are yours, Mamie, and hereafter you can drive yourself and the children to town, or about the country, when you feel like it—which I honestly hope will be every day, while I and the men take a turn at the dishes.'

Speechless she sat upon the wooden step, her apron to her mouth, her eyes fastened on the long coveted equipage, while her husband rattled on with the volubility of thirteen years ago.

'To-day,' he said, regarding her as man after a long absence regards something that he loves, 'I sold my entire oat crop for a big price, including the two thousand sacks in the granaries which were left over last year; and, Mamie, you remember the forty-acre tract I owned out in Olympia Marsh? Well, I traded that for a piece of timber land on the hill; the mare and the buggy were included in the deal. Then—O, I forgot to tell you that while standing in Lane's store, Mrs. Lane came in and said that the Lewis building, next to the Person's photograph gallery, had been donated by Squire Marsh—"Prohibition Marsh," as we used to call him,—to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for a Hall, a library, a reception room, a sort of nursery for the children while the mothers were at Camp Meeting in the other towns, and—I must tell you, for you'd never guess the rest—Old Marsh's brother and I went halves for a piano, only on paper, however, but Mrs. Lane is coming out to-morrow to talk it all over with you.

'Mamie, Mamie, why girlie,' what's the matter?'

The poor little heart, so long famished for the youthful affection of the man it had chosen in love for its master threatened to be quiet forever until its owner dropped her head upon her husband's knees and gave vent to its emotion in sobs not loud but deep. What a change twenty-four hours had wrought in her life. No longer would the coming days be be filled with lonely broodings, and for once in many years she felt she was kneeling at the altar of unalloyed happiness. Surely that smile upon her sleeping face had been directed by those in Heaven who loved them both.

About eleven o'clock the following day Mrs. Lane drove up and the entire morning was spent in planning for a fair to provide carpets, books, toys for the children and music other than the voice of the countrymen discussing oats, ploughs, cattle and so forth. It was named the 'House of Rest,' and above its arched gateway the stranger would read 'Welcome.'

Dreary, dark November has arrived. The 'House of Rest,' however, is ablaze with lights. Sweet, home voices greet you as you enter and you feel the spirit of solidarity is there. Here through the long winter the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Meetings were held, and the farmers, finding how welcome they were, came with their wives and sweethearts, gratefully partaking of the fragrant coffee that was always the signal for the dear old ballad—'Home, Sweet Home.' Was it any wonder that these men were serenely indifferent to the fact that the two saloons, which had often proved the nightmare of their wives' dreams, were compelled to close their doors and migrate to where the chimneys were thicker and the women had nothing to say about their factories of sin.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

The Deacon's Conversion.

(The Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., Boston, in the 'Northwestern Advocate.')

In a city church of about one hundred members, there had not been a conversion in several months. I called the members together and told them that I would be glad to preach every evening for at least two weeks, provided they were willing to unite with me in prayer and effort for the salvation of the lost.

I had come to the meeting prepared to make a talk on the first chapter of John's gospel, in which Andrew found Simon, his brother, and brought him to Jesus, and Philip brought Nathanael. To my surprise the oldest member, and in some respects the most influential in the church, rose at the beginning of the meeting and said that, as the pastor had requested a free expression of opinion, he would be frank enough to say that he did not believe in so-called revivals of religion. He liked the regular service of the church. If special meetings were held he would attend them, because

he would be misunderstood if he did not, but he had no sympathy with them. He did not think that young, inexperienced Christians should have anything to do with winning others to Christ; that should be left to the mature and the experienced.

After the good brother had taken his seat there was a feeling of sadness and oppression that almost crushed us. Several led in prayer, begging for guidance and help. Then I began to read my scripture and commented on the importance of each one seeking his brother or friend, with a view to bring them to Christ. The good brother arose in the midst of it and said with great excitement: 'Pastor, we need to come to an understanding about this matter.' I replied: 'My dear brother, there is already a clear understanding, I think, so far as you are concerned. We know just where you stand; we have great respect for your age and character, and we are willing that you should have your opinions. We only request that you stand just where you are and let us work as we think the Lord would have us.' This gave to the good brother quiet but not content.

The next evening I was a trifle distressed when I saw him in the audience. He hindered my preaching; there seemed to come up from him a cold arctic wave of indifference and opposition. But he came every evening.

The next Sunday, at the close of the service, I requested those who wished to be Christians to meet us in the vestry. As this dear old brother was passing out, he happened to come face to face with a business acquaintance to whom he said, 'Mr. ——, would you like to come into the after-meeting?' The acquaintance promptly replied, 'Yes, I will.' The old man had no thought of attending the after-meeting, but now that an unconverted friend had consented to go, he felt constrained to go with him.

In the after-meeting the Spirit worked with power and this friend was among the first to manifest a concern for his soul and he was converted. In his experience he stated that it was the personal word of his aged friend that led him into the after-meeting and he wished to thank him for it. The fact that God had used the old brother in winning an acquaintance so convicted him of the error of his position in opposing the revival meetings and personal work, that he came with an apology, saying that he was willing to go anywhere in the town that we might send him with a message of testimony for Christ. We sent him to some of the hardest cases, too, and he faithfully performed the task he had assumed.

I regard this as one of the crises of my life, for there was a temptation to yield to the opinion of this godly man. If I had done so, the result might have been an unevangelical church and pastor.

The Child's Idea of God.

(Mary Bronson Hartt, in 'Congregationalist.')

Too much effort is being made in these days to make religious teaching concrete and to bring it down to the level of childish understanding. The effort is an insult to child nature, which is singularly adapted to the unreasoned comprehension of high and holy things, and it results in the dissipation of that beautiful reverence which is the birthright of every normal child and makes of religion a common, earthly affair for which the child has but little genuine respect. Either this happens, or, if the child is thoughtful, he is led into trying to reason out things which lie quite beyond the sphere of reason, and he becomes hopelessly confused and bewildered.

An illustration is afforded by the experience of a mother, whose little boy asked her continually, 'What is God?' She told him first that God was the one who made the world, that God made her little son, etc., describing all the functions of the All-Father, but not attempting to describe his essence. Still the child was not satisfied, but returned daily to the attack with the question, 'But what is God?' At last, driven to the Scriptures for light, she said, 'The Bible says that God is Love.' 'Oh, is he?' exclaimed the little fellow, in a tone of great relief, and perfectly satisfied with this large and vague idea he went about his play. As that child grows up he will have no image of 'the man in the next room,' no 'magnified and non-natural man,' to complicate his idea of God. His notion of the Father in heaven is big enough to hold all that philosophy and theology may have to tell him by and by.

But if, in her desire to make her words comprehensible, his mother had given him a concrete and definite idea of God, she would have laid the sure foundation of trouble. Very often mothers—and fathers, too, for that matter—are led into making silly and untrue statements through an effort to answer the everlasting interrogations of their children. Not infrequently these questions are perfectly idle and purposeless. But whether that be so or not, the little ones may as well learn early that it is of no avail to demand to be told all about the unseen world just as they demand to be told about the world of sense. It is wiser far to stop speculation by saying merely, 'I don't know; no one knows about that,' than to allow one's self to be entrapped into making ill-judged assertions about the inexplicable. In short, it is better to adjust the child's mind to the things of the spirit than to try to adapt the things of the spirit to the child mind. Nor is the task so difficult as it seems: More is often accomplished by the serious, reverent tone of mother's voice when speaking of sacred things than by any words of wisdom she may use.

But there are mothers who, remembering certain religious terrors of their own, fear to put their children in dread of God by speaking solemnly of him. I know even of one mother who teaches her baby to pray only to that gentle Jesus, 'who was once a little child,' feeling that it will be less awe-inspiring to the little one than to be asked to address its Father in heaven.

It seems to me there can be no greater mistake than this, except it be to teach the children a one-sided idea of God, dwelling only on his divine forgiveness and long-suffering love, and ignoring his majestic power and his hatred of unrighteousness. There is in all this an ethical loss well-nigh irreparable. If the children are not to be taught to reverence the will of God, and to fear his divine displeasure, then they will learn such feeling but slowly when they are grown. Many a little child who suffers no false terror of an avenging deity is yet powerfully stimulated to right conduct by the thought that God knows and cares what the least of his children is doing. To rob a child of this right and natural motive is to assume a serious responsibility.

Selected Recipes.

Poaching Eggs.—Poaching is one of the most delicate and digestible ways to cook an egg. The slightly salted water should be at the boiling point, but not bubbling—that tears to pieces the white and makes 'rags' of it. The egg broken first into a saucer or cup, should be slid easily in, and the hot water heaped over the yolk as it cooks, to hasten its covering while it is still soft. A flat perforated cream skimmer is the best utensil to take out the egg, which should reach the table on a square of hot toast from which the crusts are cut, and on a hot plate, thirty seconds from the moment of its leaving the water.

Graham Muffins.—One cupful each of wheat and graham flour, two even teaspoonfuls of

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salt, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and one cupful of sweet milk. Mix the dry ingredients; beat the egg, add the milk and molasses, then beat in the flour. Beat hard for a moment, then bake in a rather hot oven for half an hour. Have the muffin-tins well greased and hot.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Buttered Eggs.—Beat up lightly as many eggs as required. Put a piece of butter—say one ounce to four eggs—in a shallow saucepan, and toss over the fire, which should be clear, but not too fierce, till melted. Add two tablespoonfuls cream, or failing that, one teaspoonful flour, and just enough milk to make a creamy sauce. Add seasoning to taste, such as salt, pepper, ketchup, etc., and then the eggs. Stir constantly in one direction with a wooden spoon till the mixture becomes thick. Have neat rounds or triangles of bread toasted and buttered, or fried, and on these spread the eggs, heaping them up in the centre. Sprinkle a little finely-chopped parsley over, and serve very hot on a napkin.

Lemon Puff.—Beat the yolks of four eggs smooth with two tablespoons of granulated sugar. Then stir in the juice and grated yellow rind of a large lemon, add two tablespoons of boiling water and cook in double boiler until like thick cream, stirring occasionally. Beat the whites stiff, then beat into them two tablespoons of granlated sugar, and when very stiff it is to be beaten into the yellow mixture while the latter is hot, which cooks it enough that the whites do not fall. This looks like a yellow puff ball, is not hard to make, and very good; a nice dessert.

Fruit Omelet.—Six apples, one lemon, one egg, small piece of butter, six ounces of powdered sugar, bread crumbs. Stew the apples with two ounces of sugar until soft, and add the lemon juice and peel; add the beaten egg. Butter a pie dish and cover the sides and bottom with bread crumbs fine enough to form a crust. Pour the apples into the dish, cover with bread crumbs and bake for one-half hour. Turn out and serve with a sweet sauce.

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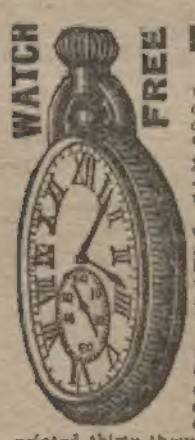

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